

AUG 9 1937

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CORNHILL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY LORD GORELL

AUGUST 1937

1914 : AUGUST 15-31

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THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1937.

1914.

AUGUST 15-31.

LETTERS BY

BRIG.-GEN. H. F. E. AND LADY EDWINA LEWIN.

As the late summer and autumn months recur, we, who remain from among those whose honour it was to serve in France in 1914—standing as we do upon the tableland of life, still able to look back with eyes undimmed by age or infirmity and before we begin the descent to oblivion—may perhaps be pardoned if we review our lengthening memories of those days which this season brings back to us so vividly. We turn over such relics as we possess—the letters we wrote home, the loving lines we received from England which cheered us by their courage and hope, the maps, the scraps of old orders and reports, that prompt our recollection of half-forgotten incidents. We look out on our present surroundings—the cornstooks and reaped fields, the warm harvest sunshine, the still, dewy nights. They all bring back to us intimately the anxiety, the horror—the joy and laughter, rare though such moments were—which went to make up those days when the world seemed crashing about our ears. How it all comes back to us! The valour, the generous selflessness of our comrades, which infused into our beings the determination to be worthy of their fellowship. Great days! We give eternal thanks that we were privileged to take a modest part in them, to know the men who built their splendour!

It is not for us to say whether our tales can guide the new generation. But in the hope that they may recall memories to those who lived through them, the following extracts from letters passing between a husband in France and his wife in England are presented.

The circumstances in which they were written must be borne in mind. The exigencies of conforming to the rigid rules of censorship made detailed information impossible. Names and places had all to be rigorously excluded. These have now been interpolated—the details being obtained from a brief index and war diary kept at the time. The letters from France were mostly written on leaves of a Field Service note-book, in odd moments of waiting—at early dawn, full noon, and during still hours of the night. They formed a relaxation to weariness and served many times to keep us wakeful—when sleep was the one thing longed for and yet to be resisted at all costs.

At the time war was declared the 41st Brigade Royal Field Artillery, commanded by Lt.-Col. Stephen Lushington, C.M.G., was stationed at Bordon in the Aldershot Command and consisted of three 18-pr. six-gun batteries—9th Battery commanded by Major R. G. Wylde, 16th Battery ('Old Rooks'¹) by Major H. F. E. Lewin, 17th Battery by Major H. H. Bond. The Brigade formed part of the 2nd Divisional Artillery of the 1st Corps B.E.F. Commanded by General Sir Douglas Haig.

When the Brigade left for France on August 15th my wife went to stay at Englemere, Ascot, the house of her father, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts.

H. F. E. L.

Englemere, Ascot.

Saturday, 15th August, 1914, 6 p.m.

We got here about 2.30. Just the time when you must have been entrained at Bordon. Everyone is being so good to me. Oh, I was the proud woman to-day when you started off. The cheery look on the men's faces did one good. Robert Doyne is here. He came over from Ireland last night and goes back to-night. He has come to get Father to write

¹ The nickname of the 16th Field Battery, it having been raised in 1795 in 'the Rookery Walk' of Woolwich Arsenal.

a word of encouragement to Mr. John Redmond who is raising the new Nationalist battalions. Susie¹ is coming tomorrow, she has telephoned that she has just seen Hugh off.

Canadian Pacific Rwy. S.S. 'Mount Temple.'

Saturday, 15th.

We arrived at our port of embarkation (Southampton) at 4.45 p.m. Every village and house we passed in the train showed union jacks and tricolours, and people ran out cheering. We are now all embarked (9th and 16th Batteries) and expect to sail in half an hour. The C.P.R. have done us royally and have a great spread prepared. We shall land, I fancy, at daylight at Havre, but the Master has just told me he won't know definitely where he is to take us until we are at sea, but he anticipates Havre. We are ordered to keep the horses saddled up whilst on board, so they will have their saddles on for more than 24 hours.

It was perhaps fortunate to-day when we arrived down in barracks that I had only just time to leap from the car and on to 'Susan.' Everyone in greatest spirits and playing up grandly in spite of the damp weather. God bless and keep you.

Englemere, Ascot.

Sunday, 16th.

Your letter of 15th came to greet me early and it did me such a world of good. I know it was best yesterday that when we got down to barracks you only just had time to fly out of the car and be off. After all good-byes are only

¹ Lady Susan Dawnay, whose husband, Major the Honourable Hugh Dawnay, commanded the Squadron of 2nd Life Guards in the Composite Regiment of Household Cavalry which sailed with the first units of the Expeditionary Force. He was subsequently killed on 6th of November, 1914, at Zwartelen, when commanding the 2nd Life Guards in the successful counter-attack of the Seventh Cavalry Brigade during the first battle of Ypres.

sadness, and when one's whole heart is with you, there is no good-bye.

I hear Longjob¹ went first to Paris to confer with Grand Q.G. and then to your concentration area. The Bishop (Bishop Llewellyn Gwynne, Bishop of the Sudan) goes out on 21st, but I fear not to 2nd Division as all arrangements had been made for your chaplains.

Such a busy day. As soon as I was dressed I went down and joined Father at family prayers. Then he had masses of letters to sort and attend to. It seems as if every soul in the Country is writing to him, mostly to get them to France, and wires coming in from India by dozens.

Le Havre.

Sunday, 16th.

We have had an excellent night, quite smooth. Some of the horses were off their feed last night—due, I fancy, to strange surroundings and vibration. 'Susan' and 'Belmont' tucked in well, however. While the steward is getting me a bath I begin a line. No land in sight yet. Horizon not clear, but it is early—5.30 a.m. As we went to sea last night all the sea area in the Solent was brilliantly lit by ever-moving beams of searchlights from ships and shore. Now not a ship to be seen. I have not yet read the King's message to the Battery as it was dark and raining last night when we had finished stables, so I will read it after stables this morning.—A transport with 11th Hussars just appeared up behind us while we are stopped for the pilot. We flag-wagged to them, 'Our Compliments to your Colonel-in-Chief.'² They replied, 'We hope to meet him.' 9.30 a.m. Still waiting for pilot. 3 p.m. We did not get into harbour till

¹ Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, then Deputy Chief of General Staff at G.H.Q.

² The Crown Prince of Germany.

11.30 a.m. and are now having a tedious time disembarking our guns, etc. We are to billet in some warehouses in the town for the night. I have had several chats with French soldiers and a French Hussar Officer who is hunting for our 4th Cavalry Brigade to which he is appointed interpreter. They have no news in particular, but assure us 'Tout va bien.' An American whom I stumbled against hunting for some goods of his firm which had gone astray, tells me that until we joined in over this war the people here were dejected, but as soon as we made known we would stand by them they at once flew flags and cheered up in the most wonderful way. 7.30 p.m. Our billet is a large Godown filled with Cotton. There are roofed and paved courtyards in front of these in which we have picketed the horses. It is hard ground for them with no bedding. The Cotton smells abominably so we have stretched our mess tarpaulin against some piled timber outside and are quite snug. 9 p.m. General Munro¹ came round while we were at dinner and had a cheery buck with us. We all took to him.

Englemere, Ascot.

Monday, 17th.

There is very little news and one just longs to hear where you are and how far you have got.—I fancy you are in the train pushing on to the Belgian frontier. News has just come in that General Grierson has died in the train from heart failure—I suppose it is very hot. Father said good-bye to him only two days ago. Such a charming letter from Captain Grayson² saying your letter had helped him so much and he

¹ On mobilisation, Major-General C. C. Munro took Command of 2nd Division in place of Lt.-General Sir Archibald Murray, who became Chief of the General Staff at G.H.Q.

² Captain A. D. H. Grayson, Reserve of Officers. We were old friends in the Regiment, having served together as subalterns in the same battery. He was killed in action in France 13th October, 1914.

realised he must continue to do the job to his hand and not rush madly at others. Father will do what he can to help him to get back to the regiment, but he is overwhelmed with applications from men imploring him to get them to France.

I am writing a letter to each of the wives of the N.C.Os. and men of the Battery to try and hearten them up and remind them to write here to me if I can be of use. It is all so peaceful, sitting in the verandah, as one has done hundreds of times before, that I can't believe you are really gone, but keep feeling you will be here by tea-time. Then I remember you are in the midst of all the work and I am filled with pride. Father has been sent a message from Belgium that the forts at Liège are all victualled, armed and ready to hold out for two months or more, and two months is the time they are wanted to hold out for.

Englemere, Ascot.

Tuesday, 18th.

How far have you got, I wonder? One does long to know and to have one glimpse of what you are doing. I have been having a talk with an old friend who used to pose as a socialist—very crestfallen, and all his old pacifist ideas removed. He feels their politicians have misled them terribly. It is a great awakening. Your Father and Mother have gone back to Tunbridge Wells as they want to be near home these days and they tell me Nora is looking wonderfully well. The papers have at last been given leave to announce the arrival of our Expeditionary Force in France—it has all been well and silently done. I will send you Colonel à Court's account each day from the newspapers as it is the best summary and will show you what we know. Having appeared in print the Censor will pass it.

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*In train en route for Concentration Station.**Tuesday, 18th.*

I keep sending you at convenient opportunities a printed official postcard as I hope they will get through quicker than my letters which have to pass through the Censor's office. We shook off the dust,—and there was plenty of it,—of our Cotton Godown early this morning and we are now all entrained waiting to start. Our time-table allowed us 4 hours to entrain, but we took less than 2. At Bordon we were less than 35 minutes, but then men and horses were all accustomed to the rolling-stock. Ronnie¹ is busy issuing bottled beer to the men. Indefatigable as ever, he wisely suggested that if we did not do something about it the men might make their own arrangements, so we bought up the stock of an auberge by the station and he is dealing with it. He grows cheerier daily and is the greatest comfort. Yesterday I met Wilfrid Jelf. He is Staff Captain R.H.A. with Cavalry Division H.Q. and says they are the finest sight he ever saw. To horse them, however, they have broken up 'K' and various other Horse Artillery Batteries.² It seems terrible they should have to do this. Fancy if they had to break up a crack battalion to enable another to mobilise! All five of us dined last night at a big Restaurant not far from our bivouac. It was a most amusing scene, the place filled almost entirely with British officers in Field Service dress, many of us rather grimy from our bivouacs. The Staff looking more spruce from their hotels! We met all sorts of friends one hadn't met for years. There was much talk as you can imagine! I heard late in the evening that

¹ Captain, now Brigadier C. R. B. Carrington, D.S.O., then Captain of 16th Battery.

² 'K' Battery Royal Horse Artillery was the battery in which Lord Roberts had served when a subaltern.

Godfrey¹ had arrived to join the Cavalry Division with Hubert,² but I could not get to see him. I fear we are in for a long tedious journey. The horses are strangely restless, and are kicking a great deal. We can't make out the cause. In England they have always stood perfectly in trains. I fear we shall have many lame.

Very little news. We gather from the French papers that the French have sunk an Austrian Cruiser in the Adriatic and captured the flag of the German 132 Regiment. This seems to have pleased everyone greatly. It is also reported there is a general Russian advance against both German and Austrian frontiers and that Sir John French has had a great reception in Paris.

Later.—In train en route to Concentration Station.

I wonder if you got the letter I posted on 17th containing my copies of the King's message and Lord Kitchener's memorandum to the troops? I posted it at a civilian post-office in Havre. The little lady behind the counter would not hear of my putting a stamp on it. She was quite charming, saying France could take no money from the brave British Army. I fear it may have miscarried owing to my not having sent it through the Censor. I did not at the time know the proper procedure. As we slowly journey along we are received at each station by large crowds cheering loudly as we clank slowly through. If we stop, ladies run along the platform giving the men cigarettes, and ask for buttons and badges from them as 'souvenirs.' I have been honoured by the gift of several rather formal bouquets of flowers. At one station the old Commandant greeted me cordially as a brother 'Commandant,' and introduced me to his wife, who told me

¹ Major Godfrey Gillson commanding 'D' Battery R.H.A.

² General Sir Hubert Gough, then commanding 3rd Cavalry Brigade.

their daughter was a governess learning English at Londonderry, while their son—'Grâce à Dieu'—is on the frontier. The old Commandant told me he was born at Metz and was taken prisoner there in '70 and now his dream seemed to be going to come true that he would go back and see it once again a French town.

It is most annoying. Just now as we slowly steamed out of a large station where we had stopped to water and feed and the men had coffee, we passed another troop train just arriving. I happened to look up and saw some officers slowly passing our window and then looked to see the name on the shoulder-straps of the men in the next carriage and saw 2.L.G. I called out to them, 'Is that Major Dawney's Squadron?' and they replied, 'Yes.' So Hugh and I have been very close to one another without meeting! It has been a lovely day, now drawing towards evening and the colours are beautiful. Ronnie—the ever practical—is busy setting out food for our dinner from Mother's (Lady Roberts's) hampers which have held out in marvellous fashion and he assures me there is enough yet for another day! Please thank her again for her kind thought of us. We have done nobly on them.

Englemere, Ascot.

Wednesday, 19th.

Such a joy this morning when they called me with your letter of the 16th.

Bill¹ turned up last night but vanished at dawn this morning. He fears they will be tied by the leg here guarding Cambridge for ten days or more yet. Maddening! when every man we have must be wanted so desperately with you. I loved every scrap of your letter, for it was

¹ Lt.-General Sir William Furse, then Colonel Furse, G.S.O.I, 6th Division.

just all I wanted to know. It had been opened by the Censor. We get very little news, only a few words passed by F. E.'s bureau ('Eye-witness'). Of course that is quite right and all we can expect, but one cannot help longing for more. I am so glad gallant General Smith D.¹ is succeeding poor General Grierson. God bless you.

Grand-Verly—Aisne.

Wednesday, 19th.

Well, we have arrived at our Concentration Station and are quartered in a charming undulating country—green and prosperous looking. It has been a glorious day. We detrained at four o'clock this morning, having been altogether 20 hours in the train. We watered and fed at the station and the men breakfasted and rested a bit after their journey. Then we hooked-in and marched eight miles to our billet in this village which contains the other two batteries of the brigade. The horses are picketed out in meadows by a delightful stream, the guns between them and the village. The men in barns in the village on the hillside and we—(Rooks officers)—are living with Monsieur le Maire and his capable, bustling, laughing wife in the greatest comfort. The subalterns declare it is the best picnic they have ever been on! The one fly in the amber cropped up when Robinson² announced that my valise is nowhere to be found on the G.S. wagon! It must have dropped off somehow on the journey up. At first I thought the loss irreparable, but on looking into things I find I have absolute necessities in my wallets and saddlebags and the undefeatable Ronnie has pressed a spare pair of socks and a shirt on me and is having a horse blanket sewn into a sack and with two bought blankets I shall sleep sound.

¹ General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

² Batman.

I saw George Morris¹ to-day. The Irish Guards are in the next village to us. He was full of fun and fire. He told us that altho' all his officers were given flowers on the way up, he alone of all of them was kissed on both cheeks by a lovely lady. I told him I should report the matter at once to his Regt: Colonel (F.-M. Lord Roberts, Colonel Irish Guards). We have no news. The men had a story of a prodigious Naval battle and victory, but as the paper from which they got it gave the source of the news as Oporto I feel sure it is only a canard.

Englemere, Ascot.

Thursday, 20th.

The papers tell us our troops have joined the Allies and that you are in the midst of things. We ought to hear more in a few days. It is wonderful how the news has been kept dark. We have been up at the Grand Stand all this morning. It is shaping very well for a hospital and can be got ready in a few hours if wanted. I hear that Slatin is doing Red Cross work for Austria. I am so sorry for him. He must be torn in twain and so miserable.²

Letters still pour in to Father offering help and service. I fear it is impossible for them all to get to France. Nora sounds very cheerful on the telephone and is sending me articles of clothing for the 'off the strength' wives of the battery who, I find, want help. The Laszlos (Mr. and Mrs. Philip de Laszlo) have been to tea. We all felt so sorry for him as he must have many friends on both sides.

¹ Lt.-Col. the Honourable G. Morris, commanding 1st Battalion Irish Guards.

² Major-General Sir Rudolph von Slatin, Inspector-General of the Sudan: he was an Austrian subject though serving under the Sudan Govt. for many years, and was home on leave in Austria when war broke out. He had innumerable English friends, and visited England frequently and not long before had stayed at Englemere as the guest of Lord and Lady Roberts.

*Grand-Verly, Aisne.**Thursday, 20th.*

Have just got our orders for our first move towards the enemy and start to-morrow at 8 o'clock, in direction of Belgian frontier. Presuming we make no contact—and I gather it is unlikely—we are to march 26 miles to a place called Maroilles. At the moment Ronnie is hard at work plumbing the intricacies of one of our new telephone instruments which has gone wrong, owing, I fancy, to the too energetic handling of one of our signallers. The telephones are extraordinarily good, and Ronnie will, I feel sure, get this one right before he gets to bed. The Colonel looked in on us before dinner, and over the map we tried to piece together our scanty bits of news, but could not make much of it.

Yesterday I met Mary Davies.¹ He is on the Staff of our Division. I am glad we have him. He tells me he heard yesterday from Longjob,² who was in great health and spirits.

The men have been first-rate in their behaviour to the people on whom they are billeted. Last night I found a party digging the garden of their host, and to-day the shoeing-smiths are repairing an iron gate for an old gentleman. Oddly enough the farmers don't particularly seem to want help. George Morris told me he volunteered to turn out his battalion to help get the harvest in, but they replied they did not need them. Some evening they thought they might be glad of 25 men to lend a hand! They all seem so calm and cheerful, and steadfast. Fancy our people with our brothers and husbands away at war and foreign troops billeted on us. We should, I fear, be far from at our best and decidedly 'edgy.'

Ronnie has just got the instruments to work. Great

¹ *Later Major-General L. Price-Davies, V.C.*

² *F.-M. Sir Henry Wilson, his brother-in-law.*

rejoicing ! I must be off to my comfortable four-poster bed in the best bedroom. M. le Maire and his charming, cheerful wife cannot do enough for us. Good night.

Englemere, Ascot.

Friday, 21st.

The Bishop of Khartoum¹ wrote Father a most charming letter about you. I was very proud.

It seems the poor Belgians are going through such a grim time, having to leave their beloved Brussels. They must so dread what will happen to all their beautiful things. We are told their new position is strongly entrenched, and in the meantime the French are driving a good wedge between Metz and Strasbourg.

Englemere, Ascot.

Saturday, 22nd.

A week to-day since you went. Father tells me your battery is in the thick of it and we may expect decisive news in a day or two now. I fancy postcards get through quicker than letters on account of time lost in the Censor's office, so I enclose one in case you can use it. I see Lord Cavan has been brought back from the retired list. I find the separation allowances have not been paid yet to the wives, so some are rather pressed for cash. However, the S. & S.F.A.¹ are helping, so I hope there will be no actual want.

La Longueville—France.

Saturday, 22nd.

We marched yesterday and to-day, billeting most comfortably. Hugh Dawnay turned up to-day just as we

¹ Bishop Gwynne.

² Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association.

got into billets here, in a priceless Rolls-Royce car. To his fury he has been dragged in from his Squadron on to the Staff at G.H.Q. He told us something of the general situation which otherwise was the complete fog of war ! But the utter surprise was that he produced my lost valise—picked up by his Squadron—of all people ! Isn't that an extraordinary piece of good fortune ! We are all fit, well and cheery. The weather has been perfect, heavy dews at night, but as we were under cover this did not affect us !

George Morris and his lads are just across the street from us and as I write I can hear the soft accents of your dear land blending with a babble of foreign tongues.

It is most wonderful to feel we are out on a job as big and momentous as was Waterloo. It quite thrills one, and you feel that if ever you are to be a man you must be one now. I must be off to the battery on one or two small jobs. Everything running very smoothly and well.

Englemere, Ascot.

Sunday, 23rd.

You have been so near to me all to-day. First when Father read prayers and then in Church when our wedding day kept coming back to me. Captain Grayson has written to tell me he has been sent to Preston to help raise a battery there. He supposed 'it was right enough for an old "dug up,"' so I had to write and tell him that Father said we wanted real good men in this country if the new army is to be a real live fighting machine. I hear that when the Horse Artillery batteries left Newbridge the streets were lined with Nationalist volunteers all singing God Save the King. Such a thing has never been dreamt of before. There is no news to give you. I long to chop off my hair and come out as your trumpeter !

*Quévy Le Petit, Belgium.**Sunday, 23rd.*

Marched 4 a.m. in direction Mons in Belgium. We were advanced guard Battery as yesterday and the day before. I was told to-day that a squadron of our Cavalry advancing yesterday came suddenly on German infantry, dashed at them and rode clean through them, losing only one man although the Infantry were firing hard all the time. I can only give this for what it is worth. I don't even know the names of those concerned. We started out this morning expecting a Waterloo, but are now halted some two miles short of Mons which seems to be full of 3rd Division. In the meantime it has come on to a fine mizzle of rain. We waited about 2 hours here and had some food, and then got orders to retire to billets in Quévy Le Petit.

*Englemere, Ascot.**Monday, 24th.*

The papers are full that the great battle has begun, but no news has come through officially, so we must just wait. The War Office are being very kind, and telephone each evening to Father. He has gone up there to-day seeing the Powers that be. Aileen¹ went with him to see about some Red Cross work, so Mother, Euan² and I are having a quiet day here. Euan is being really too charming to me and can't do enough to help me. He hurries round with all the extra papers that arrive and has been such a help in sending out the women's names and addresses to the various branches of the S. & S.F.A. who are helping wives and families till their separation allowances are paid which I believe will not be until the end

¹ Lady Aileen Roberts, now Countess Roberts.

² A young cousin, then a boy at Wellington, now Lt.-Colonel E. A. Miller, King's Royal Rifle Corps.

of the month. It is quite hot here. Bill (Furse), and his lads are ramping to be off!

In action N.W. of Village Quévy Le Grand.

Monday, 24th.

After all we had a scrap last night—a very unsatisfactory one as far as we were concerned, for we did nothing, and were in no danger.

Just as we were sitting down to a gorgeous tea in the parlour of the charming farm our luck had led us to as a billet, Ronnie came in saying the C.R.A. had just ridden past and ordered the battery to turn out, and giving me a map spotting where I was to meet him. I got off at once, telling Ronnie to come on with the battery as soon as he could. I had two miles or more to go forward towards the village Harmignies. It was a lovely still summer evening and church bells were ringing in a village through which I went and I met two old ladies in their Sunday blacks wending their way peacefully to Church. It was the most un-warlike scene you ever saw.

Now I am writing in a 'dug-out,'¹—by an orchard wall. Bombardiers Cooke and Theaker are with me and we are trying to get the flash of a German heavy gun that occasionally flings a shell over our heads. We are rearguard battery and are not firing although we are much amused watching Uhlan patrols some miles off gingerly moving forward, then halting with much precaution, and finally tittuping back, but evidently in no hurry to 'push on.' We can't spot the flash anywhere and we think he is only playing long bowls from a long way back and wasting William Hohenzollern's ammunition.

¹ *A mere hole cut behind a hedge. In no way to be regarded as like those we subsequently took to!*

Englemere, Ascot.

Tuesday, 25th.

Your letter of 18th came this morning and gave me so much joy. So glad you saw Wilfrid Jelf and so many old friends. A postcard of same date also arrived. They don't give much news, but they tell me you are there and well.

I have been picturing 'the old Rooks' at work. The retirement seems to have been splendidly carried out. It was sad news yesterday that Namur had fallen, but you all appear to be keeping the Germans well in check and I am full of hope. I am so well, so you are not to worry about me for a moment. The Russian hordes seem sweeping along grandly and from pictures of them they do look huge, uncouth, but very determined men and with their pressure on the Germans one hopes the pressure on France may be released. It is difficult to keep your Father and Mother informed of news as things change so fast that no sooner have you written a letter than there is a big change. I have been writing hard all the morning, and this afternoon been up to the Grand Stand working at preparing the hospital. It ought to be very nice when ready. Lucas and all the stable-men have enlisted. Also the footmen, so we are doing well.

Bivouac near Malgarni.

Tuesday, 25th.

Your letters of 15, 16, 17 and 18 were given me this morning as we marched off at 4.30 a.m. I saw the bravest thing I ever saw yesterday. I was talking to George Morris at the time and we watched it together with our hearts in our mouths. One of our airmen flew down the length of the German position. He was fired at all the way by their anti-aircraft guns of which they apparently have any number. They wreathed him in haloes of smoke. Still he held on and

disappeared from our sight. Five or ten minutes later he reappeared returning down their line and was again greeted by the same fusillade. We held our breath and thought every moment to see him brought down, but he held on quite unconcerned, and finally wheeled and flew over us. George Morris said, 'Make a special note of time and place and we'll put him forward for a V.C.' We have had a long hot and dusty march to-day, having moved off at 3.45 a.m. and arrived here—Landrecies—about 2 p.m. Are comfortably bivouacked in an orchard at East end of the small town. Irish Guards are in the houses nearest to us.

Etreux.

Wednesday, 26th.

We had a desperate time last night. We had hoped for a quiet one—for this strategic movement to a flank, or otherwise, had been, and remains, most fatiguing and never ending. About 4 o'clock there was a scare of Germans being upon us and we stood to. It however was said to be only a bazaar rumour among the inhabitants. At 7 o'clock there was a sound of gun fire and we again stood to. It quieted down almost at once, but at 8.30 p.m. there was a furious burst of firing at the opposite end of the village to our bivouac. We were just hoping to get something to eat after our return from the second scare. The firing was intense and was soon followed by gun fire. When it began, the Corps Commander (General Sir D. Haig) was in the town. I believe he intended making it his Hd. Qrs. for the night. I was standing on the road in order to get any orders that might be sent along, and as the rifle fire boiled up, his car passed me at speed, and I saw him sitting on the back seat brilliantly lit up by an electric light over his head and his A.D.C. beside the driver. It was an anxious time, for no one could throw any

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light on the matter. Later, in the dark as we stood there, two stout women mounted, and in flowing riding habits passed, coming out of the town. At the moment we were busy man-handling a gun out to sweep the road and it did not strike me as peculiar,—but when I had time to reflect, I thought two lone women out pleasure-riding on such a night was a bit queer and I called out to head and stop them, but they had gone. I heard afterwards they had asked one of the sergeants in broken English what was the name of his Captain. I cannot help thinking they were men dressed up and were spies. There was nothing for us to do. All the fighting fell on the infantry and glad we were they were the 4th (Guards) Brigade. The enemy were in greatly superior numbers and were trying to break in at every street at the Guards' end of the town. At first they tried a surprise by dressing the leading troops as French. We stood listening to the fighting in perfect safety altho' at the other end of the town it sounded as if the combatants were not more than thirty yards apart. Three times the Germans charged yelling 'Deutschland' and we heard them checked by the steady 'Three rounds rapid' of the Guards. At last a howitzer was manhandled up through the town by young Willcocks¹ who got it right up to our barricade, from there with his first round knocked out one of the enemy's four guns, after which the remainder ceased to fire. At one o'clock we got an order that the Artillery were to withdraw south at 2 a.m. and take up positions in the dark on the hills overlooking the town to cover withdrawal of the infantry. We thought we might be savagely attacked at any moment,—however, in the grey dawn we found quite a good retired position with forward observation from a garden. The sun rose in splendour and

¹ Lieutenant H. F. Willcocks, 60th (How.) Battery, of 49th Brigade, R.F.A.

the fighting had completely ceased and we watched the infantry slowly filing out and up the road towards us in perfect order. Torquhil Matheson¹ of the Coldstreams, who I believe had been commanding down at the barricades, was stained bright yellow from head to foot from the picric of the exploding shells. He looked the most unconcerned person of all the party !

There was not a sign of a German anywhere. They had had a bellyful of the fare those splendid Guards had given them !

We have marched entirely unmolested to-day, but there is a great battle going on W. and N.W. of us,—and not so very far off either ! Whether it is the French Army or other Divisions of our force we can't make out, but whatever happens it is high time these Germans got a knock. As it is, it is heart-breaking to see the inhabitants who received us so splendidly having to vacate their homes and flee before an invading Army. It is all so strange and odd. Here am I now at 3 p.m. of a glorious afternoon writing a letter in comfort under a haystack, with the battery mostly asleep behind me. The village clock striking the peaceful hours in the valley below, and last night it was battle, murder and sudden death ! Meanwhile in the distance is that continuous thundering hammer going on unceasingly. I wonder what it is ?²

Thenelles.

Thursday, 27th.

We are supposed to be in for a big affair to-morrow, so may the God of battles be with us all, and may we do our duty. Up to now we have really not been under any serious fire, I wonder how we shall like the real article ? I am not at

¹ Now Lieut.-General Sir Torquhil Matheson, K.C.B.

² This was the battle of Le Cateau being fought by IInd Army Corps B.E.F. under General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

all happy about the fight we heard going on yesterday. I can't help but feel that, tired as we were, we ought to have 'marched to the sound of the guns'—even if we could only get up in the evening as old Blücher at Waterloo. I hope they got on all right.

Your letters are the greatest comfort and joy. I don't think you will ever know how I value them. Please thank Aileen for hers. She told me, as I knew well, that you had surprised them all with your bravery. Please also thank Mother for the telescope. It is a perfect joy to me and I use it unceasingly examining the landscape for Teutons. I have not been able to send a line to Father and Mother, so please let them have what news you can. I have not yet seen a sign of Longjob or any of the great ones of G.H.Q. except Hugh whom I met yesterday on his rounds. I shall hope to give him this to post. I must get some sleep now.

Englemere, Ascot.

Friday, 28th.

Two dear letters from you this morning 19th and 20th. Father is getting you the climbing irons you asked for and will send them through the War Office. Everyone was of course so amused over George Morris being kissed by the lovely lady. Yes, some day we will go off on a little trip to see all the places you have been in. I shall want to hug M. le Maire and his delightful wife for being so kind to you all. Mrs. Thorne is sending out each week two parcels of clothing addressed to O.C. 16 Battery and I said I would ask you to see they were distributed to different men each week. I am also sending you copies of telegrams which Sir E. Goschen has published giving particulars of how the Germans behaved to the Embassy and Staff before they left Berlin. They are interesting. There are all sorts of rumours going about.

One is that the Germans made women and children go ahead of them in order to prevent their being fired at—do you suppose there is any truth in this? If not it is very unfair. Father and Mother out for a drive yesterday came across a big wire cage up near Blackdown in which were about three hundred prisoners—Father is thrilled at the way our troops have behaved and has wired to Sir John French, 'Heartiest congratulations and warmest good wishes to one and all on the magnificent stand you have made.' Recruits are coming in well and now they have raised the age to 35 we ought to have more numbers. Bobbie White¹ has raised a regiment of 1300—young Stock Exchange men. They are to be three months under training and then he hopes to sally forth with them to France. They ought under him to be a magnificent battalion.

P.S. Peter Sherston has enlisted in King Edward's Horse, and is in seventh heaven.

Deuillet near La Fère.

Friday, 28th.

Yesterday in the evening a German aeroplane flew over where we were entrenched, coming so low we could see two men leaning over the side. Rifle fire was opened on them—we could not elevate nearly enough—and they dropped several bombs which did no damage. We heard afterwards they came down in 1st Division area with two killed and one wounded on board. The battle we expected to-day did not come off.

Englemere, Ascot.

Saturday, 29th.

It has been such a lovely day, and we hear you are to have a day of rest, so I hope you may be having the same weather.

¹ Brigadier-General the Hon. Robert White, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., late Royal Welch Fusiliers, then partner in a stockbroker's firm in the City.

Cecil Wilson¹ is here for a night and dear Lady Hugh² is also coming.

Just a fortnight since you left. There are rumours of every sort going about, but I just try not to listen to them for they can only fuss one. Good night, God bless you.

Deuillet near La Fère.

Saturday, 29th.

We arrived here yesterday after our week of retiring and are resting to-day. Doubtless you will know better than we all the incidents which have taken place. They have been big, I believe, and thank God the British Army has once again shown it can do its duty and take punishment without breaking. We hear all sorts of compliments, but as Ronnie says we personally have hardly been under fire or in much danger so feel we cannot lay much claim to the honours. This morning we heard a tremendous Artillery combat begin to North of us on ground from which we retired yesterday. It was a tremendous cannonade. The great German pounding sound, answered by the French sharp rap of four guns in rapid succession. It has died down faintly, appearing to move Northwards, which looks as if the French have driven the Germans in that direction. I would we had not been so tired and could have chipped in to have a smack at these brutes who have so mobbed us back during the past week. The Cavalry and Horse Artillery have done magnificently. The cheery way they talk about taking on either infantry or Cavalry Forces twice their own size is perfectly splendid. They don't seem to consider it an affair unless they are well out-numbered !

For the past two days we have had marching with us a gun

¹ *Wife of F.-M. Sir Henry Wilson.*

² *Lady Gough, widow of General Sir Hugh Gough, an old Mutiny friend of Lord Roberts.*

and six wagons of Godfrey Gillson's battery¹ which got cut off from him in the action on 26. They tell me Godfrey fairly let into the main body of the enemy who cut off his wagons, but that he limbered up and got away quite safely. One of the subalterns has just worked out the distance we have marched and it comes to a 140 miles as crow flies in eight days. This not including moves in action, etc., etc., and, as we were up entrenching or 'standing to' most nights, you will realise that we have been thoroughly busy.

The most pathetic part of all has been the hordes of poor refugees fleeing with us. A few in big wagons and country carts, but the majority walking and carrying what they can on their backs. It is heart-breaking! People in England should see it. They would realise then what war means.

I am terrified that if Captains are wanted for Horse Artillery I shall lose Ronnie. What I shall do without him I can't say. He takes all the troubles off my shoulders and packs me off to rest and looks after me in every way. He is the most joyous of warriors, for I do honestly believe the prospect of a scrap is as wine to him, for he grows then more cheerful, helpful and beaming. The subalterns, too, are all splendid. I had about 100 letters to censor to-day from the men home. A wearying process when you are dog sleepy.

As I always said, after a fortnight's warfare we should all know more about the art of war than all the manuals. I feel I could draw up now a really useful little handbook for Artillery containing facts little realised at Practice camps. One thing we must have and that is special aeroplanes detailed to observe exclusively for Artillery.

Sykie² must be a very proud man. His men have done

¹ 'D' Battery R.H.A.

² Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes, then Colonel Sykes, Commanding Royal Flying Corps.

splendidly. One of them came down near us the other day with engine trouble and in a quiet chat told us quite calmly and in most modest manner in the world that he had shot two German airmen in the air !

Please tell the little Chief (Lord Roberts) that the telephones are working splendidly.¹ The only drawback is to keep the wire from being cut. The other day Wylde's battery came under hot fire. The wire forward to Wylde at his observation post was cut at once in three places. Wylde saw targets of German troops that you dream about, but with his communication broken could do nothing, flag wagging was impossible. Meanwhile his battery was silent and only suffering casualties. We shall have to go for wireless telephones in future.

We marched past Sir John French yesterday in the market place at La Fère, but I saw no sign of anyone on the Staff. I send you our first little news bulletin that we have received. This destruction of the XXth German Army Corps by the Russians sounds good. And I am sure Bulky² and his old Greys gave a good account of themselves.

Englemere, Ascot.

Sunday, 30th.

I hope you may get this quite quickly, for it is to go by the messenger to G.H.Q. The Indian Divisions should be home soon. They left about 24th. Father is delighted at their being brought to France. He feels it is so important that India as part of the Empire should realize she is taking her share

¹ The Government pattern battery telephones in 1914 gave very poor results. Lord Roberts, knowing this, immediately mobilisation was ordered, bought sets of telephones from a civilian firm which he had previously tested and presented them to batteries of 41st Brigade R.F.A. and various other batteries in 1st and 6th Divisions.

² Lieut.-Colonel C. B. Bulkeley-Johnson, Commanding Royal Scots Greys.

in the struggle and is trusted to do so. A funny rumour has been about, that Russian troops came round from Archangel and were landing at Ostend. I think it must have been the Gillies who talked Gaelic and have, I know, been coming South.

Leo Maxse came to luncheon yesterday. He was so unbelieving about the Russians that I had to bet him 5/- that the rumour was true. He was of course very amusing and full of stories of German sympathisers and agents in high places. He has kept a close record of the wobbling of ministers just a month ago. Some day we must get him to show it to us. Lady Hugh sends you her best love. It does one good to be with her. Her great regret is that her son Geo died last year and so is not coming home to fight with his beloved 15th Sikhs. We hear Marines are being sent to Ostend. That we have evacuated Boulogne. The *Observer* tells us that a German Army Corps has been withdrawn from the West to cope with the Russians who have invested Königsberg and are not far from Posen. They are coming on well and their transport arrangements are said to be excellent,—a very different army from the one which fought Japan. Japan is holding the China Seas. It is odd that she and Russia now find themselves fighting side by side. There has been a sea fight and we are reported to have sunk two of their cruisers—no names of ships in which any of your belongings are serving are mentioned and our losses seem very small. You will let me know if there are things the men want. God guard you all.

Bivouac two miles North of Soissons.

Sunday, 30th.

A gruelling day. Marched 3.30 a.m. The rumour being that the fight we heard yesterday N. of us had not gone too

well. Hence our march is directed S.W. Thick mist at first and road leading through dense forest. About noon we halted for two hours at Coucy le Château. A terribly hot day and the infantry so exhausted we put as many as possible up on our vehicles and the gunners marched.

Got here about 6.30 p.m. A cheering rumour that has gone round is that the Russians are within 3 days of Berlin. It is said to come from the Greys, who are reported to have it from their Colonel-in-Chief (the Czar); the Germans are also said to be opening parlementaires.

Englemere, Ascot.

Monday, 31st.

Your letter of the 26th written during and after the fighting came to-day. I can't tell you the relief it was. Only the numbers of casualties have drifted through and not a name or regiment mentioned, so one never knew where you were or what had happened. Thank God all is well with you. The rumour I spoke of yesterday about one of our allies and which I said was untrue is, I believe, true. If so it is indeed a dawn which will break for us. Garvin in the *Pall Mall* spoke of a dawn breaking, and one could not understand him. Now I believe this is what he meant. Father has had a very interesting letter from Hugh, but he is in London to-day. Dear old Sir Dighton (Probyn) came yesterday. He told Aileen that a verse to help me was Isaiah xxx, verse 15: 'For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel; In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.'—Dear old man, he has been so kind and understanding, and so has Sir Charles Brownlow. I send you an account of a Naval battle,—no names of anyone we know.

(To be continued.)

RABINEK.

BY FRANK MELLAND.

FORTY years is a long time in Central Africa, where history as we know it only began within living memory, and if the story of Rabinek, the Rubber King, is not told now it probably never will be, for there are not many living to-day who remember him. But among those few is one of his partners who shared with the resourceful and fearless trader his greatest and last adventure. This is that great-hearted Irishman Mickey Norton, now back again somewhere north of Lake Nyasa, after a wearisome exile in London, during which he and I, who first met in Africa shortly after the events herein described, amused ourselves by piecing together this and other stories.

I do not know if Rabinek's name is still remembered in Blantyre and on the Great Lakes ; but when I first put my foot in Keiller's Transcontinental Hotel—a hostelry that was nothing like as grand as its name—had a sundowner on board the old *Gwendolen* at anchor off Fort Johnston, and faced the storms of Lake Nyasa with Livingstone in the *Adventure*, the talk was of little else. The day of the buccaneer was then ending, but only just. Robert Codrington was beginning to create an administration in North-Eastern Rhodesia and the remnant of the poacher-traders was either turning respectable or, like Mickey, seeking pastures new ; but Rabinek, the greatest of them all, was dead.

He had been born somewhere in the Balkans. His father, a high official in the Austrian railways, had been a Jew, his mother a Christian. For awhile he held a commission in

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the Austrian army and used to relate with glee how he was dubbed 'Mark Time,' that being the only word of command which, owing to chronic inefficiency, came readily to his tongue. Inevitably, therefore, his stay in such uncongenial surroundings was short: he deserted, and made his way to Constantinople, where he arrived penniless.

Rabinek may have been a poor officer, but he was a live wire and a wonderful linguist, so he soon acquired a 'patron,' some dignitary at the Court of the unspeakable Abdul, with whom he stayed long enough to become proficient in Turkish and Arabic, his duties consisting of purchasing gowns and perfumery destined for the ladies of the Imperial harem. Keeping his eyes open, he noticed that others in similar employ had a habit of disappearing suddenly, in consequence of which, ignoring his agreement to serve a definite term of years, he decided to vanish while the choice of method still was his. He had put by some money—not saved out of his meagre pay—and arranged a passage with a Greek captain who was sailing for Egypt.

So it was, some time in the early 'eighties, that he set foot for the first time on African soil and was soon at home in Cairo with a more or less socialistic Austrian community which included Slatin Pasha, doomed later to languish for years as a prisoner of the Mahdi.

His next move was to German East Africa, where, in 1885, Dr. Peters had been granted a charter for the German East African Company, which became the German East African Association in 1887 and lasted until the territory passed under German Imperial control in 1890. The most promising area was considered to be in the north, in Usambara and on the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro, where experiments were made in growing coffee, tea and tobacco. To help this development a railway was started from the port of Tanga

towards Kilimanjaro, and Rabinek managed to secure for himself one of the most important positions on the construction, largely on the vicarious prestige he assumed on the strength of the former standing of his father on the Austrian railways. He also dabbled in business, being responsible for the first good store in Tanga, in the building now used as the Post Office ; but this proved his undoing, for he was soon declared bankrupt, which was a serious offence under German law and necessitated his sudden departure. He vanished into the interior and did not stop until he had crossed the border into British territory at Karonga in British Central Africa, now Nyasaland. He was befriended by the Resident and, as always when in difficulties, using his wits and imagination, spun a plausible yarn, with the result that the kindly official advanced him money to purchase trade goods and make a fresh start.

Thus it was that he moved over to North-Eastern Rhodesia in 1898, running into Norton near Kasama. After an adventurous youth, Norton had landed at the Cape, where for a year or so he had been a policeman. Then he moved gradually north, starting with service under the Reform Committee on the Rand before and during the Jameson raid ; then moving on, on foot, to Bulawayo, the Beira railway construction, Tete, Blantyre, and so to Kasama. He traded rubber and shot and traded ivory. Rabinek had been conserving his limited stock of trade goods and, having acquired some native fish-nets, he fished with them in the Chambeshi, swapping the catch, when dried, for rubber, a humble beginning in view of what was to come. Gradually both these men moved, quite independently, farther west and met again at Kazembe's on the Luapula, when both were doing fairly well. Rabinek at the time might easily have passed for an Arab, being very dark-skinned, with a heavy

tan, and having rather thick lips. He was about 5 ft. 7 in. tall, and squarely built.

There were, at this time, about a dozen white men of different nationalities, and of very varied origins, travelling occasionally in couples but generally entirely alone in what was, in effect, a No Man's Land, accompanied only by a few native retainers and their carriers. From choice they kept to country not yet administered, where there were no licences or restrictions on trade or shooting. Filibusters they were, but—and I speak here from personal knowledge—they were not robbers or evildoers. When they passed, as they had to with the advance of law and order, they left behind them a clean spoor, and are remembered with kindly feelings. In fact the chief survivor, Mickey Norton, has always been assured of a great reception whenever he returned to his old haunts, and his friendliness with the natives stood him in good stead when he served on Intelligence on the German East front in the War. Thus they were able to travel about among warlike, savage tribes, carrying with them sufficient wealth to arouse the cupidity of all, yet came through, in almost every case, without misadventure. Fever and elephants took their toll, but not the spear or tower musket. Granted that their safety depended on decent behaviour, it is still to their credit that, even in times of sudden crisis, racked maybe with fever, they kept steady and played the game. Indeed, they made it easier for the Government, legitimate traders and missionaries who followed after, for they built up a good name for the white man.

Norton had been for some time more or less centred on the Luapula, where he had established a camp near Mwambwema, being engaged in lawful trade on the British side of the river, and doing just as he pleased on the side of the Congo Free State, for the nearest point therein where any

sort of a licence could be obtained was at Lukafu, and the rule of King Leopold was purely nominal, his sole representatives being bands of *ruga ruga* (irregulars) armed with Albinis rifles, who roamed the country in detachments of about twenty, forcing the natives to bring them rubber and ivory for their masters at Lukafu. For this they paid, sometimes, something like a penny a pound for rubber and sixpence for ivory, in gunpowder and caps, or more rarely in trade goods. Norton himself at that time was getting from 2s. 6d. up to 3s. 6d. for rubber and from ten to twelve shillings a pound for ivory in cash or goods; but the latter were not always easy to get, as the African Lakes Company to whom he sold the rubber and ivory were themselves in the business, poaching as Rabinek and Norton were poaching, but with this difference—that the buccaneers took their own risks while the Company sent out superior natives from Bandawe, in B.C.A., in charge of *tenga tenga* (carriers), who were generally Atonga from North Nyasa, a tough and enterprising race. These gangs, carrying trusses of calico, each protected in six gunny sacks, ranged far into the Congo Free State and were ruthlessly attacked and plundered by the *ruga ruga* from Lukafu. Indeed, Norton himself often took tribute from them, as he considered this form of competition unfair, and, moreover, if he had not, the odds were that the *ruga ruga* would get the lot, and throw in a good deal of murder.

Many will remember how the same kind of thing occurred about ten years later in another No Man's Land, the Lado Enclave and that part of the Congo Free State to the south of it, west of Lake Albert. Into that area went a large company of European adventurers acquiring ivory by shooting and trading. Some Indian traders in Uganda, at Hoima and elsewhere, to whom the Europeans sold their poached ivory, thought it a good idea to enter into the

game themselves and fitted out expeditions on the same lines as the African Lakes Company had done farther south ; but the white buccaneers, considering this unfair and the hirelings fair game, relieved them of their booty whenever they encountered them.

Referring to the attacks made by the *ruga ruga* on the Company's poachers, Norton attributes the fact that the white poachers themselves were never attacked to the knowledge of the fact that they were all first-class shots, and also to a prevalent belief (possibly started by a white man ?) that the spirit of a white man killed in this fashion would bring trouble to the slayers. He, himself, often met the *ruga ruga*, but always managed to keep friends and frequently traded with them. They were mostly West Coast natives, led by ex-non-commissioned officers (native), and carried the Free State flag, a yellow star on a blue ground. I have little doubt, from an intimate knowledge of his whole career, that Mickey was a natural diplomat, possessed of tact and resource. The fact that he is full of admiration for these very qualities in Rabinek seems to me like the admiration of one useful in an art for the absolute master, and if he had lacked these qualities it is incredible that a genius at the game like Rabinek would ever have taken him into partnership.

For that is what happened. Norton had come into camp after a lengthy expedition, when he received a note from the Austrian asking if he would join him in a trip far into the interior where he had already got large quantities of rubber hidden. Norton set off at once and met Rabinek at Kazembe's with a German, Lucas, and a Frenchman, Preskia. There was by now a Free State outpost at Mpweto where the Luapula leaves Lake Mweru, and some of the buildings were actually in British territory, the river and a

half-way line lengthwise through the lake being the frontier. In charge was Hobroe, a Dane, and to him Rabinek sent runners with a letter asking for a permit to trade. Hobroe, however, would not grant this, as he was trading himself. Rabinek realised that Hobroe would not venture to trade far to the west, where the country was entirely in the hands of the rebels, a big revolt having broken out, in the course of which nineteen Government posts had been wiped out and all the Europeans massacred, so he persuaded Hobroe to grant permits to go there and trade there for 'stamped' ivory. Theoretically, when the natives brought in ivory to the Government the official took one tusk and stamped the other to show that it was cleared for sale as a commercial transaction, but in practice the native very rarely got away with the second tusk. So when Hobroe explained to Rabinek and Norton that there was plenty of this stamped ivory, they, although fully aware of the facts, accepted the permits because they knew of other hoarded ivory. Having secured the precious bits of official paper, they then fetched from the British side 500 loads of trade goods, 100 muzzle-loaders and plenty of powder and caps, which shows that Rabinek was no longer a pauper. Indeed, he remained on the British side to arrange for further supplies and Norton moved off once again into the Free State.

After two days he arrived at Luwansa, where he met the famous pioneer missionary, Dan Crawford, and—three miles away, at Chita—the traveller, Poulett Weatherly. Both these were astounded to hear that Norton had a trading licence, and Mickey made the most of it, without disclosing the restricted terms in which it was made out. In this way he was made known to the natives as an authorised trader, for no one could spread that news about authoritatively better than Dan Crawford. The Irishman pushed on

south to Mwanga's and in three nights purchased several tons of ivory and rubber and, as arranged with his partner, took the whole consignment to Simba's on Kilwa Island on the British side of Lake Mweru. There he waited some little time for more goods, but as they did not arrive he set off west again to the Cahamanyongo River, some ten days' march away, leaving word with Simba to forward any communications from Rabinek, whom he did not expect in person for at least two months.

On this new trip he came into very close contact with the rebels, who were in complete command everywhere. They were chiefly *ex-askari* from the West Coast who had rebelled against their officers and then made common cause with the local inhabitants whom, of course, they overawed. To anticipate slightly, one of these men who hailed originally from Lagos, told Rabinek—with whom he conversed in French, one day in the Rua country—the story of his desertion, which is possibly worthy of record, *ex-parte* statement though it be.

The Free State officers had sent him and other *askari* out on a raid. The regulars in this party numbered a hundred and with them was a large contingent of *ruga ruga*. Having accomplished their task they returned with a considerable haul of ivory, but found that in their absence the officers had taken their wives. That led to the revolt in his particular section, and they marched up to protest to the six Europeans who were gathered together on the veranda of a house. As they approached one European called out to the others, 'Present Arms!' The *askari* did not wait for anything else, but rushed the position and killed them all. The teller of the tale added, 'There was no burial—in the ground,' for the local natives, Batutela and Manyema, were cannibals then, whatever may be the case to-day.

The same kind of thing occurred elsewhere, until the whole of a huge country had fallen from the hands of the Europeans. It was from men such as these that Norton bought many tons of ivory. So far from his base rubber was too clumsy to handle, and he restricted himself to ivory, and it would seem that he earned all he got, a lone white man in such a country at a time when the black man had got the upper hand by killing off the whites.

The whole land, indeed, was in state of chaos, and presented a fine opportunity for the one white man in the midst of it, provided he could keep his head and his nerve and was accorded a reasonable amount of luck. Deserter was armed against deserter, chief against chief, and all against each other. The slaughter that went on was terrific and all the natives lived in stoutly stockaded villages, always prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Lions abounded, and many, finding human corpses plentiful, acquired the taste for them so as to become confirmed man-eaters. Of the many which Norton shot, he came on two actually devouring the man they had killed. This was in a sanitary trench just outside the stockade, to which the unfortunate victim had been compelled to pay a visit. Norton, proceeding there at dawn, with his rifle, found two lions feasting and bagged them both.

In spite of the rich haul he had made Mickey described this trip as having been undertaken chiefly to spy out the land, and some may recollect how Stanley found certain villages hereabouts in which tusks were actually used for veranda posts and other domestic purposes, so common and of so small account was ivory. By this time, however, the most remote and hidden corners of Africa must have been made painfully aware of the value set upon the great white teeth (and on rubber, too) by the white races. Norton,

having 'looked round,' returned to Kilwa Island, with a handsome profit to show for his prospecting ; but, though he found that some trade goods had arrived for him, the amount was not excessive. There was, however, a note from Rabinek telling Norton to proceed to Luwansa and await him there, adding that he had chartered some dhows and would follow in them with between 800 and 1,000 loads, which conveys some idea of the colossal scale in which this poaching was carried on. One reckoned forty loads to the ton.

In the meantime the Free State officers at Lukafu had heard of Norton's lucrative journey to spy out the land, and at Mwanga's news reached him that they were fitting out a strong expedition to arrest him. As a matter of fact, a lieutenant with some troops actually arrived at his camp with this intention, but the lieutenant was so ill that Norton had to nurse him, and the *askari*, who were absolutely mutinous, fraternised with Norton's men, so that no arrest took place, and the Irishman continued to trade on a big scale, sending tons of rubber and ivory into Simba. He then moved on by canoes, of which he had a fleet, to Luwansa, where he met his partner, who had already collected big gangs of carriers, obtained partly from Crawford and partly from the chief Kazembe.

Rabinek and Norton both knew that as little as thirty miles to the west of them King Leopold's men had ceased to rule, and thither the Austrian had already sent, in advance, Maurice Green, whom Norton had met previously. They also heard that Hobroe had been largely reinforced and was out for Norton's blood, chiefly because on one occasion that officer had commandeered his canoes and loaded them with his own goods. These Norton had found and had 'unshipped the goods,' at any rate that is how he put it, and he added that Hobroe objected to his competition in

trading so close to his own *boma*. Anyhow, it did not worry Mickey and, after spending a night with Crawford, he and Rabinek went right out into the unknown west, and as Norton laconically remarked, in words that are distinctly reminiscent of Xenophon, 'We arrived at Kayumba's, a large and prosperous village, where we collected ivory and rubber in abundance.' For a long time I could not get much more out of him. I traced altogether some thirty years of my friend's adventurous life, and continually he passed over some thrilling section because it seemed to him commonplace. Had I not heard parts of them years ago over the camp fire in Africa I would have missed my clues. The following is, therefore, a summary of what he told me.

'Whilst Rabinek, Green and I were at Kayumba's, an immense village on the banks of the Lufira near its junction with the Lualaba, we solved the mystery of the chief's pet lions, of which Crawford, who had never been there, had told us. His story was that these lions, more or less tamed, were kept by Kayumba, and were apt to prove unpleasant to unwelcome visitors. They turned out to be pigs, to which we were introduced soon after our arrival. Hearing a lot of grunting we went to investigate, and found a large body of natives struggling with a live pig which Kayumba was sending us as a present. So much for the lions.

'One morning I remember we had pork chops for breakfast. We were feeding, as usual, in a big open space and on this occasion about a thousand natives were squatting round to watch us eat: a most unusual occurrence. We commented on this to them, whereat they laughed and moved off. About two months later our cook and his assistant quarrelled, and the assistant told us that at this breakfast, instead of pork, the cook had served up human

flesh. He had been bragging, it would appear, that we were wonderful seers and knew everything, so the chief had threatened him with instant death if he would not test us by serving up human flesh and calling it pork. We challenged the cook with this, and he owned up. Green then remembered that he had called for a second helping!

'On Lake Mweru I often saw human hands (a particular delicacy) in the *askaris'* haversacks, and I am not sure that the habit has altogether died out. However, placed as we were, unless we saw one killing another so as to eat him there was no call for us to interfere, and we could, in any case, have done nothing effective. Kayumba himself told me that his greatest enemy, Kisi, had eaten his, Kayumba's, sister, but I do not think that was why he was his enemy. It so happened that we helped Kayumba capture Kisi's village because we, too, owed that gentleman something. We had sent two messengers to him with our salaams, and he returned their heads only, throwing them into our camp one dark night. He paid for it in full.

'Yombo Yombo was the great chief who opposed and defeated several Belgian expeditions and, had he lived and continued to hold his people together, I believe the Free State would have found it exceedingly difficult to reconquer the country; but he died, and that made things much easier for them because he left no successor of like calibre. Over there in those days all power seemed to depend on personality. Titles might be hereditary, but power was not.'

Rabinek soon started back with an instalment of three tons of ivory to open up communications with the British side of the Luapula, a proceeding which his partner describes as 'a very tall job.' He sent runners to have some dhows ready at a certain spot on Lake Mweru, and he reckoned that, travelling fast, it would take him a month to get there,

and would be some three months before, with stores replenished, he rejoined Norton and Green, who were, meanwhile, to continue trading and accumulating ivory.

On arriving at the lake he found a dhow awaiting him as directed, boarded it, and told the captain, who was drunk, to make for the British shore, some twenty miles distant ; he then turned in. There was a strong south wind blowing and when he woke in the morning he found himself at Mpweto, the Belgian *boma* at the north end of the lake, and Hobroe and several other Europeans waiting for him. 'Rabinek,' says Norton admiringly, 'was full of guts and guile,' so he stepped ashore as if Mpweto had been his most desired haven instead of the last place at which he would have chosen to land. Then he received another shock. He was introduced to a Monsieur Luvec who had just come out from home with unlimited powers to reconquer and pacify all that part of Africa and convert it into a paradise for Belgian traders. This official accused Rabinek of gun-running and several other crimes, but added nonchalantly that Hobroe was nearly as bad ! The distinguished new-comer was accompanied by his wife and a large retinue and they entertained the trapped buccaneer to lunch. This is so typical of Africa : the writer can recollect, some thirty years later, by the railway, when he was trying a white man for manslaughter, he and the Crown Counsel, the Counsel for the Defence *and the accused* met at the club and played tennis together in the evening.

Over some wine Rabinek told Luvec that, hearing that such an important and illustrious man had come out from home, he had caused his dhow to put into Mpweto so that he could pay his respects to the distinguished new-comer ; and then he proceeded methodically and graphically to make Luvec appreciate the immensity of his task : the whole of

Katanga and beyond being in revolt meant that he would need an army corps or more, and many million francs, to subdue it, since his colleagues had not made themselves loved, as the widespread revolution proved.

On the other hand, Rabinek continued, he and his partners, Messieurs Norton and Green, were known to and trusted by all the rebels, both by the *ex-askari* deserters and by the up-risen chiefs and villagers; Rabinek said that he and his friends held the key to the position and if Luvec granted them a concession all would be well, but that, otherwise . . . an army corps and endless expenditure over years. Planning as he talked, and watching the other closely, the Austrian continued. He knew that he could secretly export much ivory and rubber by the back door to the west coast, so he offered Luvec then and there a shilling a pound on all ivory and sixpence on all rubber that he passed through to Rhodesia and the east, and in return said he would pacify and police the territory with recruits from Rhodesia.

After some argument Luvec agreed and a contract was drawn up, signed and witnessed, the witnesses including the African Lakes agent, Gibbs, and one witness offered Rabinek £10,000 on the spot for the concession, but he refused, saying 'No. The Lord Mayor's coach or else the dung-cart for me.'

Rabinek then drew up further agreements giving the north-west sector of this huge area to Norton, and the south-west to Green, each on a fifty-fifty basis as regards profits, and each had to deliver ivory and rubber as directed at the nearest Belgian post. These agreements were sent off at once to the partners, with a full account of all that had happened and of the nature and terms of the concession, and an accompanying letter described how he had succeeded in getting it, besides extricating himself from an exceedingly

awkward predicament. It is from that letter that these particulars are recorded.

Rabinek then made for Blantyre in British Central Africa (Nyasaland), and it was then that he was so fitly named 'The Rubber King.' On the strength of his concession he raised between £15,000 and £20,000 of trade goods on credit, the conditions being that the suppliers—Michaelles, Paolucci, the A.L.C., and others—would deliver the trade goods at Chienji, the British port on Lake Mweru, while the concessionaires, trading with these goods, would hand over ivory and rubber at the same time, the money resulting from the sale thereof being placed to their credit until the debt was extinguished, and neither Rabinek nor his backers had reason to believe that that would take long. The commonest estimate at the time, as I myself can vouch, of the value of this concession was the same as that which mystified the banker on whom Monte Christo called with his letter of credit; it was 'unlimited.' It seemed to everyone in Central Africa that the Austrian Rabinek, Mickey Norton the Irishman, and Maurice Green from England, had the means of tapping an inexhaustible source of wealth, and it was for that reason that everyone was anxious to have a finger in the pie. They clustered round the deep-tanned traveller at Keiller's hotel, where he drew rough maps with a stick on the soft brick floor, or with a wet finger on the bar counter; they followed him as he went about his business at Mandala and Kubula, all competing in giving him credit; and when it is remembered that for some years now he had been providing evidence by the ton of the existence of this wealth, which was now backed by an official monopoly concession, it is, perhaps, not to be wondered at.

But cups have a way of being dashed from expectant lips, and this proved no exception. Rabinek hurried back from

his successful deals at Blantyre and pushed through without delay to Mpweto. On arrival there he was arrested—some say on the British side of the frontier—put in chains and sent off to Boma, at the mouth of the Congo, to stand his trial on a lengthy indictment. Half-way across a continent, in equatorial heat, in irons ! Luvec, it appeared, had been ordered home, the concession he had granted had not been ratified and he himself was dismissed. When this was known, when the favoured concessionaire had fallen from grace, charges were rapidly framed against him, and warrants issued to await his return. Some months had elapsed while he travelled to Blantyre, made all his arrangements and returned, and he arrived at Mpweto completely ignorant of this dramatic change in his fortunes.

On this occasion he had no chance to bluff ; no opportunities of displaying his ' guts and guile.' The dice were loaded against him and he left Lake Mweru on his long trek to the Atlantic, a chained prisoner. He died *en route* and it was freely said that he was murdered, but of that there was never any proof. The case assumed some international importance : there was the question as to where he had actually been territorially when he was arrested, on what charges the arrest had been made, why he had been put in irons, and why his concession, duly executed by a competent official, had been cancelled ; all of which occupied the courts in Brussels for some time, but nothing came of it all. Central Africa was a long way off, evidence was unreliable and conflicting, our Foreign Office was not greatly interested because, after all, he was a foreigner, and the Dual Monarchy showed still less concern, for he had been a deserter from the army.

Norton and Green heard the news, and learned how they themselves were outlawed ; but they continued to trade

and to evade all efforts to capture them for a long time. At last as government closed round them they made off, crossing over the southern border of Katanga, by the source of the Kafue, with considerable booty; their experiences during the whole of this time were on an epic scale, but that is quite another story. This is the story of Rabinek.

IN SPRING.

*In Spring, when we still wandered
The sighing woods among,
Woods which had known us leafless
And now were blossom-hung,*

*You turned, and wept, and hardened
Your heart against love's sweet,
Saying for little reason
That we no more must meet.*

*You broke the bud and scattered
The seeds of dream away;
But they fell soft, and flourished
And flowered another day.*

*A day when I had hearkened
And learned my lesson right,
And saved my heart from sorrow
At cost of all delight—*

*O bitterness of meeting!
What twisted trick of fate
Made my love flower too early
And your faith bloom too late?*

FRANK EYRE

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DARK HORSES.

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

[At Merton Magna, in East Devon, live Richard Challice, wheelwright, Ivy, his wife, Leonard, Samson, and Linda, his children, and Verity, his old mother. Simon Pye, friendly, retired neighbour, engages Richard to look after his orchard and Linda as maidservant: he makes friends with the Challices and gives Richard his dream, a piece of land on which is a disused lime-kiln. Simon's son, Gerald, visits his father and sets his snares for Linda. Simon and Richard both oppose his suit.]

XI.

THE LETTER.

FATE has an art to frustrate human good willing and turn many a sweet seed into bitter fruit. An impulse of pure friendship may provoke a tragedy and bring desolation where only help and healing had been planned. A sentence half heard, a syllable misunderstood, an inflexion of voice, or a look misread—trivialities changed from their purpose in the alembic of another mind—will precipitate only dross and poison where the hope was for pure metal.

In the case of Richard Challice and his daughter, disaster turned upon a question of time. For love and faithfulness she was at pains to inform him of her future actions; but the event demanded that he should not know before they were actually committed. She set down her plans on paper and, by an accident of chance, they reached her father too soon. Subtle impulses contributed to the catastrophe on both sides, but nothing save the girl's affection for Richard was at the root of it. Had she obeyed Gerald Pye to the letter of his parting directions, she had saved alike the young man and her father from great evil.

It is a difficult matter to keep the most trifling secrets in a village, since affairs of their neighbours are always the supreme interest of the folk. The wider world without offers but a trivial challenge to local politics, and while good fortune and successful happenings win their measure of attention, calamity or tragedy possesses more salt, and any great pending clash of wills, or crucial event still in the balance, can provide ceaseless distraction and entertainment, both before its despatch and long afterwards.

When Gerald wrote to Linda and sent his letter to the care of Miss Mingo, he had judged that privacy was secured and Susan alone would know of its arrival ; but the racy fact, though concealed from Arthur Tidy, the postman, was divulged in one ear and Linda's mother learned it. The girl came for her letter early on the appointed day ; but at a later time Ivy entered the shop-of-all-sorts and Miss Mingo felt justified in cheering her spirit with the news. She held it up for a little while that her customer might speak first, for they were entirely at one in their view of the situation and Ivy knew that her friend was full of indignant sympathy.

Mrs. Challice did not immediately refer to the paramount subject, so Miss Mingo asked a question and hinted at news. She felt rather proud of having been made a confidante for the lovers.

'What's puzzled me more than enough touching your trouble is your husband, Ivy,' she began. 'It beats the mind of a simple soul like me to know why he put his foot down against 'em. However could he come it over such a fine pair as them, and so well adapted ?'

'You can ask me,' answered Ivy. 'For that matter I've asked myself. I'm the calm sort and never known to get up in the air, though plenty to make me in my home ; but though I've given Richard his chances time and again

to put his reasons before me, he haven't done so. It wasn't Mr. Pye : that's clear. He said to Linda that according as her father agreed or disagreed, he'd do the like. He didn't disagree till Richard did, so that's let him out. I feel very sure old Verity's at the bottom of it.'

'Why, Ivy, why?' asked Susan. 'Why the mischief should Granny hate the young fellow?'

'I couldn't tell you, but she got a down on him from the first minute she saw him. He drank his tea along with his father in our house and was very nice and gentlemanly as a man could be, and I took to him from the first; but she said rude things about him the moment his back was turned.'

'Most interesting, Ivy,' declared Susan, 'and shows your cleverness. And I'm with you, because I know 'em both, and a more resolute young man than him you won't easily find. And love laughs at locksmiths and a lot else. By the same token—for your ear only—there came a letter for Linda this morning, sent to my care. When he came in to say "good-bye," he let me understand the letter would come, and it did come, and no eye saw it but mine and Linda's. She called for it good and early and I handed it to her. Like a davered rose the poor girl looked, and well she might, I'm sure; but I dare say there was that in her letter to cheer her. Don't you squeak about it, however, nor let her, or anybody else, know she came by a letter to-day.'

'You can trust me,' promised Ivy, 'and I'm not surprised for that matter. Was it from London?'

'Oh yes, London was the postmark.'

But Mrs. Challice failed to keep her undertaking, as people will without any deliberate purpose to evade it. That evening, when alone with Leonard, she told him in confidence that Linda had heard from Gerald Pye, but warned him to let the fact go no further; and Leonard, at a later

time, impulsively revealed the secret under sudden stress. So things happen.

He went to the 'Cat and Fiddle' that evening to meet a lad with tastes akin to his own, save that while Leonard operated as an under-gamekeeper, his friend rejoiced in the free trade of fur, fins and feathers which he held to be right and just. But the poacher failed to keep his appointment and Leonard only met the usual visitors at drinking hour. The affair of Linda's was still fresh and attractive, and her brother found that the argument for the moment ran on his father.

Old Sloggett rather tended to support Richard, though he seldom supported anybody, and David Beedell agreed with him; while others took the opposite side. Their difference turned on character, and Leonard backed Arthur Tidy and others, who held Gerald to be a fine fellow.

'So like as not though,' said Tidy, 'we'll hear no more about him. Fine though she is, your sister ain't the only pebble on the beach, Len.'

'She's the only pebble for Gerald,' answered Leonard. 'He's a man and he knows his own mind and she knows hers. And she got a letter from him this morning anyway.'

'Not her,' answered the postman. 'That I can vouch for, Leonard.'

'You ain't everybody. She did get one,' declared young Challice, 'and my mother knows it. But you can keep that to yourselves.'

Tidy took a professional interest in this revelation.

'I grant you it could be done,' he admitted.

'It was done anyway,' replied Leonard, 'and no doubt she'll get more and I bet something will come of it.'

Two evenings later Richard heard of Linda's letter, being about the last to do so. None had learned of it from her

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and none ever saw it but herself, yet its existence was common knowledge and occasioned lively comments. The young hoped for a sequel; the old ceased to be interested and, along with Dick and Simon Pye, trusted that the crisis was passed.

Then Mr. Beedell, getting Mr. Challice alone in his bar one evening, told him about the letter—news that disappointed Dick, yet occasioned no surprise. He attached little importance to it, yet mentioned the matter to Verity, and she renewed her entreaties to watch Linda.

‘I wish to God you could lock her up,’ said the old woman. ‘They’ll work in the dark, and who’s to prevent ‘em?’

Concerned with this prediction her son slept ill and the next morning was up earlier even than usual. The orchard always gave a pretext for haunting ‘Prospect Place’ and Richard presently sought Linda at the house. Mrs. Butters could not tell where she might be and had not as yet seen her—a fact that wakened Richard’s alarm. Linda was only in the village on a personal errand, but Dick felt fear, though he concealed it and went out. The bungalow stood on one floor and, knowing Linda’s bedroom, her father went to the window and tapped upon it. The blind was down and no answer came, but seeing it open at the top, he raised the sash, looked in, noted that her bed was tumbled and guessed that she had slept there. Relieved in mind he glanced round, and was going away when something caught his eye immediately within the window. A table stood beneath it, where Linda was used to keep her few books and pen and ink, and an open letter stared up at Mr. Challice. It lay there apparently unfinished and he looked a second time, because he knew Linda’s large handwriting. Then he concentrated upon it closely, for it had been written to himself.

'My very dear Father,' it began. For a moment Richard hesitated, since the letter was not sealed or directed; but circumstances prompted him. The letter was clearly designed for him, and though at another time he might have left it to reach him when his daughter willed, to-day and under present stress he felt no dishonesty attached to the reading. He could read it easily, for it lay under his hand; he picked it up therefore, turned it over and found that it was complete and signed by Linda on the other side. It took him but a minute to read it but many hours to decide exactly how to act after doing so. Thus wrote his daughter.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER,

'It's terrible hard to do anything against your wishes, but this is to tell you when you made me choose between you and the man who is going to marry me, I had to choose him. If you'd but given a ray of hope I'd have hung on and waited for Gerald to show you how wrong you were to think so cruel against him; but you wouldn't even do that much, so we know it's no use waiting. But I hope and pray you will see after we are married what you wouldn't see before. This comes, dear Father, to tell you that I'm going to Gerald on Thursday night next, and by the time you read it on Friday morning I shall be along with him in London to be married the first minute possible. And so soon as I am, then I'll write to tell you and Mother all about it.

'Gerald comes for me to Withy Platt Bridge in his car at a bit after midnight and I shall go with him, and if you can't forgive me when you hear tell, I'm sure to God you will presently when you know how happy we are together for evermore.

'Your affectionate and loving

'LINDA.'

Richard guessed that she had written on rising that morning and intended to leave the letter, or post it, so that

it should reach him when she was gone. But now he knew everything down to the details, and first a wave of immense satisfaction swept over him, while a sense that Providence had deliberately saved the situation made the man feel almost devout. But upon these emotions there crowded a hundred others to bewilder him, question him and reveal the immense problems now demanding to be solved. He stood with the letter in his hand staring before him, lost in the maze of his thoughts. Then he became conscious of what he was doing, put Linda's letter carefully back on her little table, drew down the blind and hurried away.

From that hour he lived in a mental turmoil and envisaged his response from varied points of view. He traversed the roads of fierce anger and sense of outrage, of condonation and conciliation. He looked at it as Linda doubtless did and forgave her. She had acted normally. His anger against Gerald Pye also waned when thought took a certain shape. He told himself that by doing absolute justice to them in his mind, he would be the more likely to arrive at a just action when it came to action. What was the sum of their offending and how far might direct interference be justified?

The hour was still very early when Richard left the bungalow, and he did not return home immediately, but went up to his own ground and sat on the little seat he had built for Verity. The sun was now up and the river shining. Day had dawned fair.

A preliminary problem faced the wheelwright, and that he determined to solve before he fell in with any fellow-creature. He asked himself whether he should confide in anybody else and seek aid from another before this challenge. Instinct turned against the idea; but he went so far as to name those who might assist him. On the physical side he felt not in need of help, but he considered whether Simon

Pye or his mother might advise as to the actual line of action. A strange impatience with both of them flitted through his thoughts. He could not understand it and wondered why he should feel vexed with them. Then he saw the reason. But for them—but for Verity's open hate and Simon's distrust and doubt—Dick would never have quarrelled with young Pye at all. Between them they were really responsible for the present situation. Such a futile and fruitless idea alarmed him ; but then he remembered other things.

He determined finally to keep the matter to himself and neither consult any other nor reveal what was going to happen. Two reasons assured him in this resolve : he felt himself quite equal to confronting the runaways if necessary and destroying their plans, and he also perceived that, for Linda's sake, such a course would be far the kinder. None need know in that case of the terrible mistake she had prepared to make—none save himself. He reached this point in his deliberations and then returned home to breakfast. The working day demanded all his attention now, and though this supreme matter was never wholly out of his thoughts, he did not devote further deep consideration to it until night came. Then he went out and strolled upon his own land again, for he knew that he would think to best purpose there. Now he was always unconsciously at his best with his foot on his own little plot of earth. He knew it, felt it, had often become aware of the ruined kiln's queer power to breed calm in the consciousness of possession. The emotion never wore off : it came as a rare anodyne to life and preserved an active gratitude for the giver.

Richard lighted his pipe and attacked the problem from the point of Linda. He was determined now to frustrate the lovers, intervene and separate them ; but the exact means

remained doubtful and his sole concern was that the blow should fall lightest upon Linda. Secrecy appeared the thing to aim at, and given another sort of woman the difficulties had been slight ; but she was firmly and definitely against him now. Her mind would not change under any pressure from him. She had been called to choose between her father and her lover and no doubt attended her choice. That was natural, for what doubts could exist ? Only force in the last extremity would keep Linda from joining Gerald, and while Dick did not hesitate to exercise that force, the problem was how to apply it. Words were certainly useless, but what deed was it possible to commit, what actual violence needful to employ ? To keep them apart he had determined and apprehended no cost to himself, or feared the cost to Gerald ; but what must be the cost to Linda ?

Many courses presented themselves, and it was among them that his determination weakened and he thought yet again of confiding in another. But he stopped this hesitation by telling himself that decision had already been made on this point. He was going to act alone and in such a manner that none save the lovers themselves need know of his action. He had come to no final determination when he returned home and went to bed.

On Wednesday he told himself that every detail must be worked out and his plans made and approved. Then he ran over the situation as it must appear to Linda and considered her movements when the night came. Should he anticipate her purpose before the event, or wait until the very last moment, when she had met Gerald, and then rise up between them ? He inclined to the latter course, because he believed no other would satisfy Linda herself and, knowing little of Gerald Pye's true character, he felt the break best made with him present. Richard judged that any man

capable of doing what Linda's lover had meant to do must be a coward at heart, and he even contemplated the possibility of showing his daughter what young Pye really was when faced with direct action. He felt no malice, but proposed to use his strength if that proved needful when he arrested the flying pair. Then Linda must quickly perceive the stuff of which her hero was made.

A vital thing he did not know ; a second all-important factor he forgot. Richard was about to confront, and if need be attack, one who never lost his temper, yet who never denied himself the luxury of hate. It was a deadly combination beyond his ken ; while his item of forgetfulness centred in this : that Gerald would be armed with a weapon against which the physical power of ten men had been as futile as the power of one. To the last, this peril never entered Dick's mind, and had it done so he had easily enough separated young Pye from his immense advantage. But the possible malevolence of a defeated man did not trouble him and the malevolence of a victorious man he had imagined impossible. Richard was strengthened, moreover, by conviction that the Providence responsible for his discovery would support him to the end. Not only that, for with his thoughts never far from Linda, he believed the coming night's work must ultimately console her grief and open her eyes to the righteousness of the deed he was about to do.

XII.

WITHY PLATT BRIDGE.

Ivy Challice enjoyed sound sleep, as people of her placid temperament are apt to do, and Richard, leaving their bed without awakening her, stole with his clothes to a little

landing outside the door. He dressed, descended to the house place, put on his boots and left Church Cottage before twelve o'clock on the appointed night. He stood on Withy Platt Bridge in twenty minutes and, casting about for a hiding-place, found one apt to the purpose but little more than ten yards from the river. There opened a break in the hedge where he could stand unseen.

The hour was overcast yet not dark, for a moon shone behind thin, far-reaching canopies of cloud that hung low above the earth. No wind stirred and only the fitful voices of night disturbed an ambient peace. Under the bridge deep currents flowed and gurgled low as they ran to the neighbour river; owls cried to each other from the Platt. With his eyes trained to the darkness Richard marked small creatures upon the lane. Toads hopped across, and presently there came a hare which passed within a yard of his feet but did not scent him. The man was sad and soon became restless. He moved about a little, went to the bridge and listened to the rustle of the water as it passed beneath. He thought to light a pipe, but did not. And then, very clear upon the prevailing stillness and still far off, he heard the murmur of a motor-car and returned to his hiding-place. The sound grew louder and Richard knew that it must come from no great distance. For forty yards the lane extended without a turn, and presently with abated noise the car crept into sight and two electric eyes blazed suddenly from the distant bend. They amazed the watcher by their brilliance, but they glared straight ahead and he did not expect that any beam would betray him. He was right, for the car passed him and reached the bridge. Then its driver ran on a dozen yards where space admitted turning. He brought it round and then came forward to the bridge again and stopped.

Lifting his head over the edge of the bank the watcher marked Gerald Pye step out. He came into the light and looked at his watch. Then he lit a cigarette and attended to his car. Gerald had driven from London in the previous day, enjoyed a rest at Honiton, some ten miles distant, and left the little town after dark for his destination. Richard found leisure to perceive the lines of the motor and guess at its concealed strength; it throbbed quietly and Gerald did not stay the engine.

Then came swift feet and the lovers met where Richard was near enough to see their embrace and hear their voices.

'My own, own Linda!' said the man. 'I well knew you'd come.'

And Linda kissed him and answered, 'Well you knew it, darling!'

'This little bridge will be the most blessed place in all the earth for evermore,' he told her, and hugged her to himself for a long time as it seemed to the watcher. But then the young man acted with exceeding promptitude, and while Challice stood soft-hearted, staring at the lovers' meeting and touched to passing tenderness before it, Gerald put Linda swiftly into the car and handed in the light suitcase that she had brought. He wrapped her snugly and the listener heard him say that they would travel by Salisbury Plain to London and take some breakfast at Salisbury.

'Curl up and go to sleep, my blessed dear,' he said. 'And I'll wake you again presently.'

Then he shut her in and jumped to the driver's seat so swiftly that the car was moving before Challice came to his senses, jumped out before it and held up his hand. But he had missed his only chance through abstraction of thought at the critical moment and was now powerless. A mind far quicker than his own saw Richard standing there, recog-

nised him and acted. Gerald did not waste one moment. He turned out his head-lights and made the car bound forward like a springing tiger. He knew that he himself had hidden Richard from his daughter, who was behind him, and she could hear nothing but the roar of the machine. He troubled not as to the consequence and rejoiced that such an unexpected opportunity to turn the tables had been given him. He knew that it would take more than the body of a man to stop the car and dashed ahead in the darkness. Meantime the other had but a moment to realise his danger and strove to get out of the way, but the sudden extinction of the light had bewildered him and he was struck as he tried to jump clear. Linda felt a jolt and heard one inarticulate sound. Five seconds later the head-lights flashed out and the car was running at speed fifty yards from Withy Bridge. She knocked at the glass in front of her, but young Pye took no notice until they were round the bend of the lane and a quarter of a mile upon their way. Then he slowed down, opened the glass and explained.

'Awfully sorry to give you such a jolt, darling. A pig. The creature ran bang under my wheels, but it was more frightened than hurt, I think.'

In five minutes they had reached the main road and with accelerated speed Gerald set his car for London. Once only he stopped before the dawn, took an electric torch and on some pretext examined the front of the motor. But it showed no sign of what had happened.

Out of his satisfaction at the turn of events there emerged one problem only for young Pye and that was beyond his power to solve. Nothing could have happened to suit him better, or crown the night with triumph more complete, than the destruction of Richard Challice, and Gerald hoped that he had made a clean job of it. In that case Linda's

father had lived to see his defeat, but that was all. Then nemesis, swift and terrible, had swept him out of the path. But how came he there? What unknown, unguessed failure of the plot had brought it to Richard's ear? And who beside himself were likely to know that he had come? Gerald's instructions to Linda were exceedingly definite and he felt positive that she had obeyed them in every particular for her own sake. He decided to question her as to the past at a future time without enlightening her as to what had happened. Nor did he fear that she would learn it from others. His own moves were such that none could reach Linda in future until he chose they should do so. Immense pains had been taken by him and no detail disregarded; but these precautions, destined only for the disappearance of Linda, were now doubly valuable. They had flashed through his mind as he strove to destroy her father and he knew that they must amply suffice to conceal the truth. But time and reflection caused him to regret the appearance of Challice at that moment. At worst the law could prove nothing save an accident; but Gerald thought upon his own father with whom he had no desire seriously to quarrel. That aspect of the situation disturbed him for a while. In any case his own skin was safe and he might presently discover that Linda would be able to give reasons for her father's presence at Withy Bridge, though she need never know that he had actually been there.

Meantime long hours of the night passed slowly where the stricken body of Richard Challice lay huddled in a water-table beside the roadway. He had enjoyed not a moment to think, nor yet time to escape, but he had not met the full impact of the car and been struck only on his right side as he leapt to get out of the way. The thing had crashed into him and flung him head first to the ground, and while

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the blow did untold injury, it had not killed him. His head was gravely hurt as well as his body and hour after hour he lay quite insensible.

Unconscious among unconscious things he remained with a rillet of water lapping at his side. Once during the night a fellow-man came near him but knew it not. Constable Nicholas Tidy on his nocturnal round rode slowly down the lane, but the light on his bicycle shone straight ahead and his thoughts were abstracted so that he did not mark the inert body hidden under the hedge-side darkness.

Thus Richard existed between life and death until dawn, when light began to gild the valley, birds moved, fish rose and broke the surface of the stream. A roaming horse wandered down the lane, smelt at the human lump in the hedge, started and galloped away. There came the call of pheasants on the other side of the brook and a beading otter set a row of bubbles breaking in the water. Colour began to creep back into the world. Wild flowers glimmered white and yellow in the hedge above Richard. Then came a man on foot and found him.

It was Saul Date on his way to a harvest job, and thinking the fallen man dead, he hesitated awhile before taking action. If Challice were dead, then Saul could do nothing and might as well leave the body for someone to find with more leisure. He was already pressed for time and three miles remained for him to walk before he reached his work. But a prospect of being in the news attracted him and he hesitated. He knelt down by the prone object, thrust his hand under Richard's shirt and found him warm. A possibility that he still lived decided Saul and he turned and started to run back to the village. To the constabulary station he came with his news, told how Richard lay in a ditch by Withy Bridge, still showing some evidence of life, and led two policemen

back with him. Nicholas Tidy, his vigil ended, was gone to bed.

They brought a stretcher after sending a telephone message for the doctor and then set out for Withy Bridge. A young man arrived two minutes after them in his motor-car and directed them. Dr. Thorpe found the sufferer alive, but badly injured. The extent of his hurts he could not there determine, so they got the unconscious man upon the stretcher and carried him back to the village.

It was half-past six when they brought him to Church Cottage and Ivy Challice and her boys had just risen and descended, unaware of any ill-fortune. For Richard was often up and away before they came down.

The doctor swiftly found that his resources were unequal to the case. He did what he might and explained to Richard's wife that his hurts were grievous and that their only hope lay in the city. He fortified the sufferer's heart, declared that there was plenty of life in him and then telephoned for an ambulance from the vicarage close at hand to the great hospital five miles distant.

Chaos in the sick man's home followed his return to it, but he remained quite unconscious and did not hear the hard words spoken over his battered body. His mother came to him as soon as she could put on her clothes, and she it was, before they knew the truth, who jumped at it and associated the tribulation with Ivy's daughter. She linked Richard's disaster with Linda after she heard from the police that he had been knocked down by a motor-car at Withy Bridge; and when she knew that Richard was on the brink of death, she turned screaming at Ivy while passion winged her words. The wife was shaken, but acted true to character and showed no great emotion or shed a tear. She talked to the doctor when he returned.

'God's ways are awful hard, sir,' she said quietly, 'and His plans hidden from us. This had to be, no doubt, but only He knows why.'

Then Verity yelled at her.

'Get out of my sight, you canting image !' she cried. 'If you'd brought up your damned daughter right, this would never have overtook my son. She's at the bottom of this and that cursed rogue she fell for.'

'Don't—don't, Grandmother !' cried Samson Challice ; but Ivy did not answer. She sighed, turned to Leonard and wiped his eyes, for he was weeping.

Then appeared Simon Pye and stood at the door and asked for Richard.

He came at an apt moment to support the old woman, though as yet quite unaware of all that had happened. Mrs. Butters had made bold to call him at eight o'clock, which was an hour earlier than usual ; but, missing Linda, had entered her room to find the evidences of flight. All was very neat and tidy, but a cupboard stood open and various photographs and trifles had disappeared from their places. She wandered round the house calling, then guessed that the girl was sped and wakened Mr. Pye.

The first thing to greet Simon when he came into his dwelling-room was a letter upon the mantel-shelf before the face of the clock. It was directed to Richard Challice and confirmed his growing fears. At once he started to Church Cottage, heard of the accident and gave the letter to Ivy.

'Your husband cannot read it,' he said, 'but under the circumstances you will be justified in doing so.'

Then he turned away and stood outside the house until he might learn what particulars the letter contained, should they desire to tell him.

Ivy opened the letter and read all that her daughter had written to Richard. Then she handed the letter to Verity and went out and spoke to Simon. He heard everything from her and appreciated the position, though a central mystery remained.

'It looks as though Richard must have known what was going to happen,' he said, 'and been upon Withy Bridge to try and prevent it; but how he knew and why he kept his knowledge from me we shall never hear unless he regains his consciousness. Can you throw any light upon that point, Mrs. Challice? If so, it may be well that you should.'

'None,' she answered. 'God's my judge he never spoke a word to me, and I lay he never spoke a word to his mother either. It was her that turned Dick against Mister Gerald from the first. And if he'd told her, she'd never have let him face up to a young, determined man like your son without somebody to back him. And if I'd known about it, I'd have prayed my husband to come to you.'

He considered this and Ivy went on.

'Of course, I'd sooner have lost my right hand than Richard,' she said, 'but, so far as Linda is concerned, I'm going to be at peace, Mr. Pye. I was never against her marrying Mister Gerald, and I knew from the first he wasn't a man who would let relations come between her and him, and I knew he always had my girl's love and trust. And why for not? This doesn't surprise me very much, and when she knows what has happened, she'll also know that it was not her fault, nor yet her husband's. She says in her letter, which I'll show you, that they ordain to be married as soon as possible; and then I'd say the pair of 'em, knowing they're safe, will come back.'

He marvelled at her confidence and calm, and he knew

that so far as her daughter was concerned she rejoiced and felt no doubts. Then Verity came out still holding the letter and Mr. Pye took it from her hand and read.

The old woman was only in agony for her son and attached no importance to Linda's communication.

Meantime the doctor sat beside his patient, debated his injuries and perceived that his heart was steady and no immediate threat of death hung over him. But he knew that an operation awaited the sufferer and could not tell the extent of injury to his head beyond the grave concussion that kept him senseless. Richard's breathing was regular but weak.

An ambulance came at last and the local man travelled to Redchester with it. Then, after Richard was gone, a reaction followed. Ivy set about tidying the house place, where he had laid, and Verity grew faint after her rage. Leonard fetched her strong drink. He was unnerved, but Samson kept calm. All turned to Simon and he could not bring himself to leave them immediately. Instead he sat with them and told them of his own purpose, striving to speak hopefully.

'I had a mind to go to London myself at once,' he said, 'and learn how much they could tell me and look after Linda; but that is a slow process and might only end in disappointment. I have the last direction my son gave me, and the first thing is to find out if that is still where they may be found. Everything, so far as he and Linda are concerned, may be as she wrote to her father. We are justified in hoping so much. But I am very anxious indeed, just as you are, Verity, and especially anxious to have good news of them for Richard when he recovers consciousness. As for him, you can be at peace now and know that everything in the power of human skill and science will be done for him.

'In the meantime,' he continued, 'I shall not go to London until I know a little more. There may be things hidden from us at that end. Thorpe could not tell when the accident happened, because, though a doctor may say how long a man has been dead as a result of injuries, he cannot specify the time of the injury so easily if the man is alive. We know, however, from Linda's letter when she expected Gerald, and it seems clear that Richard was struck down by some terrible confusion in the darkness. One thing is certain. If Linda had known what had happened, nothing on earth would have induced her to leave her father, or I should hope my son either. They are both most certainly ignorant of the accident. Now I shall telephone to a very trusted friend in London and direct him to go at once to Gerald's address. I shall send no message and do nothing to alarm my son. My friend will merely satisfy himself that Gerald still lives there and make his enquiry with tact. Gerald does not know him and would be none the wiser if he saw him. On learning that he still resides there, I shall go to London at once and inform them of what has occurred. There can be but one instant response to that so far as Linda is concerned, and I feel no doubt that she will return with me instantly on hearing of your terrible trouble. I shall not lose sight of her again. The future must look after itself.'

They did not speak at once, then Verity croaked.

'You're wasting your time, Master. They won't be there,' she said. 'Your son would know that my son would seek him instanter and have took very good care to be out of reach.'

'It may be so, Verity, but let us hope for a happier issue,' he answered. 'Linda is not a child, but a woman of strong character. At any rate, you shall hear presently if I go to London.'

'We'll hear in a day or two that they're married—I'm certain sure of that,' said Ivy. 'You must be at rest in your mind, Mother.'

'My mind's with my son,' answered the old woman. 'His child will get what's coming to her whether or no.'

Simon left them then and presently put in a long-distance call to an old friend. He explained the need for instant communication with Gerald but the demand to learn particulars first.

'I want independent information,' he said. Two hours later he was rung up to hear that the necessary enquiry had been made. Gerald Pye had left his rooms a week earlier, with the understanding that he might return to them at the end of the year. His direction was unknown. He had not known it himself when he departed, but promised to send it. Up to the present he had not done so.

When the night came Verity made her grandsons go to Redchester that they might learn news of their father. They returned late and Samson told them. It was at present impossible to speak as to Richard's brain, but his right leg had been amputated and he was unconscious still. Lesser injuries he also suffered from. His condition was dangerous, but his fine constitution supported him. No fatal termination need be feared as yet.

'No fatal termination as yet,' said Leonard over and over again, drawing some melancholy comfort from the words.

Ivy was about to comment upon the tragedy but, when she looked at Richard's mother, changed her mind. She left them and Leonard's tears were a sort of solace to Verity. She spoke at last and uttered a wish dry-eyed.

'Pray God he dies and never comes to no more,' she said. 'That's the best you can pray for your father. Put out the lamp and go to your beds.'

XIII.

HOSPITAL.

There came no news of Linda, but in the course of another four-and-twenty hours a report from Redchester reached Church Cottage. Richard had recovered consciousness, but his weakness was extreme and his life remained in doubt.

Two days later they heard that he might live if no unexpected evil intervened. He was anxious to see his mother, and Dr. Thorpe declared that Verity must go for his peace of mind.

That he should call for her rather than his wife, Granny Challice felt to be a triumph, but she was tender and considerate for her and assured Ivy that Richard's desire might have been expected.

'No call for you to take on and say you're hurt about it,' she declared. 'It's better so. I'm hardened to the sight of a sick bed and you are not. They won't let me bide very long and it ain't easy to see how I can cheer Dick up about Linda; but I'll take his letter and read it to him and talk hopeful. And I can tell him that Mr. Pye's active about it.'

'Be sure to ask him how he came to know she was running away and why he went down to the bridge,' begged Ivy. 'We may be jumping at a wrong conclusion, Mother. Dick may know nothing at all and come by his accident through no act of theirs.'

'I'll do what I may,' promised Verity, 'and if he knows anything he'll tell me.'

When the time came she drove with the doctor to the city in her best clothes. She braced herself for the ordeal and preserved her courage while it lasted; but the shock proved very severe; and though Thorpe had warned her

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she must not expect to see Richard as she had last seen him, she had not guessed at all his ordeal meant. She stood beside him and shivered at sight of the shattered ruin that was her son, but she kept her nerve and kissed him and told how they were all looking forward to the good day when he would return home.

'Thank you for coming, Mother,' he said. 'I'm like to be here a parlous long time; but it's no odds if she's safe. Tell about her.'

Verity sat by him and held his hand.

'I've got ten minutes along with you, my dear, and no more,' she answered, 'so I mustn't waste 'em. All's well at home and they send their love and respects and good wishes. And a lot beside them are asking for you. And as for Linda, she's left a letter for you.'

'I've read it,' he said, 'but read it again if you've got your glasses.'

Verity recited the letter and then Dick explained how he came to know the contents.

'So I ordained to part 'em at the accepted time,' he added. 'I was on the bridge to do so and I made a sad mess of it.'

He told his story slowly while his mother listened and did not interrupt between the long pauses. She was sagacious, said no word to waken his emotions and kept her own in control; but she spoke plainly enough to others on the evening of that day. When he had finished and deplored his line of action, he asked again for Linda.

'Tis a week since she went—maybe more, for I've lost count of time. She says that we'll hear tell the moment she's married; but you tell me nothing as to that.'

Still considering him, Verity pretended no immediate need for fear.

'We must be patient,' she said. 'We must keep up our hearts, Dick, and hope on.'

'I don't hope much,' he told her. 'In the light of that night I take a very black outlook upon it. He tried to kill me, Mother—an awful thing to say against a fellow-creature—but how else can you read it? Don't tell his father that. It would be most enough to kill Mr. Pye to know such a thing. There they were—just a pair of young lovers—and I held back like a fool and never saw till too late that once they got in the car I was done. Please God I'm wrong, however.'

'Put it out of your mind, Richard,' she begged. 'Don't dwell upon that. Think on nothing but your health yet awhile. I lay we'll bring you good news very soon.'

She was glad to leave him, for her own fortitude had spent itself.

'I'll bring Ivy to see you the next time I come,' she promised, 'and all the news, Dick. Take in every mouthful of food they offer you, and keep your mind so peaceful as you know how, my son.'

She kissed him again and marvelled to note the stalwart bulk of him so shrunk and shrivelled. It was not only the loss of a limb: the whole man appeared but a shell of himself. His face had fallen in, the expression of his eyes was different. A grey and haggard mask had taken the place of the old, cheery countenance.

The doctor brought Granny home, but he was called to see her again sooner than he expected. She told Ivy and her grandsons all there was to tell and accused Gerald Pye of attempted murder. She was very excited and overwrought and she collapsed after nightfall, so that Leonard had to seek the doctor.

Verity recovered in a couple of days, but was ordered to

keep quiet and not return to Redchester for the present. Ivy, therefore, went to see Richard alone and remained for half an hour with him. She gasped when she saw him, though warned by his mother what to expect, but for her there persisted through their interview the sensation that she talked with a stranger. Voice, body, mind—none belonged to the Richard she knew.

Ivy was discomposed by this painful experience, but showed no outward sign of it. At the back of her mind she asked herself how the future must shape, for she knew that profound changes would need to be faced. Richard, however, was not concerned with anybody but Linda, and upon that subject she strove to be cheerful and pretend a hope now nearly extinguished.

'Mr. Pye can't find 'em for the minute,' she said, 'else he'd go to 'em and not leave 'em till they was man and wife. But for my part, Dick, I'd say he was sure to find 'em married already. We've had our bad luck and we've got to mind that Linda isn't anybody's fool. There's a lot we don't understand yet, my dear, and I never, never will believe any fearful thing was meant against you. I'll swear to God that when they dashed off, they never saw you, nor thought of you, nor knew what they had done, for Linda most surely didn't know, and the young man ain't a born devil whatever else he is. They're selfish, like all young things, and have forgot to send the news—that's all.'

But Richard won no comfort from these opinions.

'Linda would never have forgot to write the moment they was joined up,' he said. 'She knows me and she knows what it meant to me—and you too, Ivy. But most like she wouldn't have the heart to write if she's gone to him unwed.'

Such a possibility did not shock Mrs. Challice in the least, but she pretended otherwise. It had indeed an ugly side

enough, because it meant that her hope for Linda's future must collapse, but only from that angle did the event trouble her. She took a high hand, however.

'If that was to happen, I'd never have her inside my house again, Dick,' she vowed. 'Such shame as that would be a nail in my coffin—and in yours, if I know you.'

He was fretful.

'I ought to be on my feet,' he said, 'or on the one foot I've got left to me. I ought to be traapsing all London for her by now. Don't Mr. Pye know the way to find 'em?'

'We'll live in hopes,' she answered. 'Your great gift of hope will help you now, I shouldn't wonder, Dick.'

'Linda's all I want,' he replied. 'Let her come back and I'll stand up to life so well as ever I did. And don't you dare say my door's closed against her. If she was the hottest harlot ever, I'm still her father.'

'Keep calm and don't do nothing to throw yourself back,' she begged. 'I'll give Mother your love, Richard, and say you find yourself to be mending. That will do her good anyway.'

'Tell her to come when she can. I'm here for a month of Sundays yet by all accounts. And beg Mr. Pye to look me up next week. By then maybe there will come news.'

'So there may be,' she answered, 'and the moment it comes I'll let you hear tell.'

On her way home Ivy recollected her mother-in-law's words, freely uttered, and for once felt inclined to agree with the old woman.

She reflected in her calm way over what she had seen and heard.

'I wouldn't say but his mother weren't right,' she thought. 'Better he'd died and never come to. I've lost the husband I knew. He won't be no husband to me no more. He's

gone so far as I'm concerned. Almost turns me to think of it.'

She was not turned, but she entered a bar and drank two glasses of port wine before she went home in the local omnibus.

Simon Pye paid his visit to Richard at the earliest opportunity, sat for an hour with him and saw him drink his tea. He found the sick man clear in mind and better than he expected. He was comparatively free of pain and only concerned with the future. Indeed, his thoughts took a rational turn, much to the visitor's satisfaction, for Simon always felt most at home amid abstract reflections and principles nowadays. They spoke of Linda first and Mr. Pye was not able to throw any light.

'I am engaged in searching for them,' he said, 'and hope every day to get some news. The time must seem immeasurably long to you, Richard; but it is not so very long really. Your mother believes that Linda will most surely write very soon, and she is positive, as I am, that the girl has no knowledge whatever concerning what has happened. I cling to the hope that my son was ignorant too; but in the light of what you told Mrs. Challice, I fear it is hard for you to believe that.'

Richard shook his head.

'I know different, Master,' he answered, and then fell silent.

'What do they say about your head, Richard?' asked Simon presently. 'After such a terrible blow you mustn't think too much, though you do think so wisely. You mustn't put any great strain on your thinking parts yet awhile.'

'I haven't heard 'em say anything as to that,' answered Dick. 'My head gets tired now and again and I do a lot

of sleeping and I'll dream a bit, which I never remember happening to me before. Queer dreams—all a jumble and mostly about my mother and father.'

Mr. Pye would sometimes change his literary gleanings into the vernacular when talking with the folk, and on Richard's account he did so presently while the sick man drank his tea.

'I read remarkable modern books sometimes and find many remarkable things in them to throw light on us,' he said. 'So much has yet to be found out, Dick, to explain our natures. They say now that we've all got dark horses hid in our secret stables and often never know it till the brutes break loose to savage us, or other people, and work untold evil.'

'Don't make it no better for us if it is so,' said Richard.

'But helps us to feel the cause of many evil effects.'

'How one vicious, headstrong young man could do bad deeds that don't stop with himself, you mean?' asked the sufferer.

'Yes—and wreck the lives of his betters and bring misery on innocent people that never did him anything but good.'

'The bill often goes to the wrong account,' said Richard.

'Not in business I grant you, but in real life.'

'The "subconscious" they call it,' continued Simon, interested in his own thoughts. 'The subconscious breaks loose in this awful way, like a sleeping volcano bursting into life; but granting such an idea, it's a strange fact to me that everything lurking in the subconscious part of us is evil apparently. No virtues or hopeful possibilities are hidden there. Everything is vile. The "subconscious" seems to be a sink of depravity peopled with fierce monsters better dead. But why should not this menagerie possess some useful and even valuable beasts? Many animals set us a good

example by their dignity and patience and devotion, so why should not these remnants from our ancestors have a bright side too ?

Such speculations were altogether beyond Mr. Challice.

'For God's sake, let me know the instant moment you hear tell anything,' he begged. 'That's all can matter to me now. Once I hear Linda's safe I'll get well to surprise 'em.'

Simon promised.

'Trust your mother as I do,' he said. 'She's certain that we'll hear something any day, and she's had a marvellous understanding in this matter altogether beyond my power to explain. She was right as far as I can see and she understands Linda.'

When Simon returned home and visited Church Cottage, that he might bring them the latest news, he learned that Verity's prophecy was come true. A letter had arrived from Ethelinda. It was directed to her father, but Ivy had opened and read it.

(To be continued.)

A FRONTIER INCIDENT.

BY AWAL BAY.

The author of this true story is an Afridi, of the Malik Din Khel : the actual names of the English officers concerned have been deleted, and the punctuation and some of the spelling and a few obvious little mistakes amended—for the rest his work is in the form in which it was submitted as an English essay to the Principal of Islamia College, Peshawar. The author, as far as is known, received nothing out of the Government award.]

ON the 9th August, 1934, it was a fine morning, clear and warm ; the scent of flowers seemed unusually sweet and strong ; everything was amazingly still except for a few birds singing here and there. I was sitting in our *hujra* (village common room) and chatting with people. All at once we heard the drone of engines—a sound once heard always recognised—which broke the uncanny silence. Gazing up in the sky, to our great surprise, we saw five aeroplanes, which had lost their regular formation of V, passing over the heart of Maidan.

Sound of bullets was heard from all places around us in Maidan. Tirah, eighty miles away from Peshawar, populated by the Afridi tribesmen, is situated to the south-west of Landi Kotal and north-east of Kurram. Its close neighbours on the east come under the control of the British Government, those on the west under the Afghan Government. The tribesmen are not under the sway of any government. Every man, small or great, carries with him one or other form of a rifle. Practically the whole of Tirah got busy in

firing on the aeroplanes. In spite of constant firing by the people, the pilot—at that time not known to me—managed to fly his machine, though with difficulty, to the Bootan Pass, which is surrounded on either side by ridges of hills. His machine appeared to be twisting and turning as if endeavouring to elude its invaders. It was shuffling like a giddy man who is under the influence of alcoholic drink. Ultimately it could not help falling down. There was a horrible cracking sound. The next moment it dropped earthwards near Ganda Tiga—dirty stone—in the Bootan Pass, at an unbelievable speed. Attempts after attempts were made by the pilot of another 'plane to find out the situation of the crashed machine and to ascertain whether the occupants of the crashed machine were alive or dead. He lowered his machine to such an extent as if it were picking up the occupants of the smashed machine. He let red light (or at least it appeared to me).

Now the whole watching Tirah burst into one long, loud roar of acclaim as 'the terror that flieth in the air' came crashing to earth. None of us, I believe, spared a thought for the brave man who came down in the machine. I rushed upstairs and noticed that men, women and children were running as if they were attending a big promised *tamasha*.

Sure as I was that the occupants of the machine must have perished, still I considered it my duty to go to them and help them if they were alive. I armed myself and, taking my rifle, went there with two of my relatives without the permission of my parents. The Bootan Pass, where the accident had happened, was two miles away from my home. Being a Malik Din Khel, it was very difficult to step in the territory of that tribe. After solving the difficulty of entering the Kambar Khel tribe, another restriction was to be removed.

'How I will go to the home of Awal Khan Bootani where the injured gentlemen were lying.' Anyhow, I managed to go to the home of Awal Khan through the influences of a Kambar Khel relative of mine who was there.

The two Flying Officers were lying in the *hujra* (club-room) of Awal Khan, devoid of any decoration, which was full to the brim with a crowd. 'Hallow, how do you do.' I shook hands with one of the officers, whom I will call Mr. X., who was lying in a *charpai* (bed) and who appeared to me as if he was quite hopeless of life. Seeing me, a gleam of joy ran through his face. 'I am terribly suffering. Do you know English?' 'Yes, I know English. I have come to help you,' I replied. I found that he was not too badly injured. Then I proceeded to the *charpai* of the other officer, whom I will call Mr. Z., who was lying calm and quiet and semi-conscious, looking to me with a smiling face through one eye. His wounds were severe, therefore he was in great agony. I talked to them, cheered them up, and assured them of their safety, which relieved them a good deal.

With the first smash of the machine, his right hand being broken, he could not unfasten his body from the straps. Therefore all other injuries than his hands were sustained to him while the machine was rolling down the slope of the hill. It was through sheer luck that the machine stopped just on the top of a deep precipice. Had the 'plane moved two yards onward, there would have been the end of everything. Mr. X. came out of the machine and ran in order to escape—though escaping was impossible. While he was running, he was fired at three times by a fanatic who was cutting wood near by. The fanatic did not want to kill him, but wanted to stop him.

I think Flight-Lieutenant Z. would have not received other

injuries than his hand if X., instead of running, had helped him in unfolding his straps.

But X. is excusable on every ground, because, under such abnormal circumstances, it is very difficult to act coolly. There was the question of life and death.

Flight-Lieutenant Z. was brought in a *charpai* from Ganda Tiga to the house of Awal Khan and X. walked. In Tirah no modern medical relief is available. Diseases are treated by quacks. The people were killing a sheep so that the skin may be worn by the wounded persons, because the skins and hides of animals like sheep, goats and calves are considered to be a panacea for every disease. I resisted the people from this idea by telling them that a skin may do good to you, but it will not do any good to these English people.

It has been pointed out there were no facilities for proper medical aid. But there happened to be a medical practitioner—an outlaw of the Afghan Government—twelve miles away. I sent for this doctor. The people being conservative, they did not like the idea. Then I made them understood in these words, 'Look here, the condition of these people is precarious. In the absence of a doctor Flight-Lieutenant Z. is liable to death. You need not bother for money. I will pay the doctor's fees.' Then they agreed, and I at once sent my man to the doctor.

It became evening, the night was fast approaching. The crowd in the club-room, which was constituted of the Khamhar Khel tribe, began to look upon me with an aggressive attitude. They were talking among themselves, 'Our own Afridi has turned infidel owing to his English education.' Ultimately they could no longer bear to allow me to remain in their *hujra* with the injured persons. They told me at the end definitely to leave their place. As it was night, I could go neither home nor stay with them. I passed the night in a

neighbouring mosque which was forsaken. Before leaving Mr. Z. and X., how anxiously X. asked me not to leave them. 'I will come again,' I told him.

Early in the morning, on the 10th, I went to Malik Niaz Mohommed, who is the chief of that tribe—Kambar Khel. One in the normal state of health cannot imagine the pains and troubles which Flight-Lieutenant Z. underwent on that night. I told the Malik that either give them to me so that I may take them to my home in Malik Din Khel, or remove them to your own house instead of leaving them in Awal Khan's house. He agreed to the latter proposal. Thanks to the great sympathy and kindness of the Political Agent of Kurram Agency and his wife, a compounder (= dispenser) and Mullah Abdur Rahman and a servant with first-aid outfit, brandy essence, biscuits and tinned soup, were sent to Tirah. They reached Bootan at 7 a.m. on the 10th August.

Putting them in *charpais*, we started from Awal Khan's house to Malik Niaz Mohd's house, which was normally for one and half hour's walk. When we took out the *charpais* from Awal Khan's home, he again went on his words and did not want that these wounded persons should be removed from his home to Malik Niaz Mohd's home. We placed the *charpai* in a low-lying place. Relations on the question of removing the injured persons grew strained. Awal Khan's party did not allow us. The members of each party drew the bolts of their rifles and were prepared to fire at each other. Thank heaven that ultimately Awal Khan agreed.

The path that led from Awal Khan's house to Malik Niaz Mohd's home was very hazardous. It could hardly allow a man to pass through the *nullah* that was made up by the constant flow of water. Now the path was overgrown with

bushes. There was great possibility of the slipping and falling down of the men carrying the *charpais*. How very often Flight-Lieutenant Z. used to ask me 'How long is the journey?' 'Not very long, sir,' I replied. Anyhow, we reached our destination, the house of Malik Niaz Mohd, at 10 a.m. We found the house of Malik Niaz Mohd more comfortable. The compounder and I and Mullah, on reaching the house of Niaz Mohd, instantly began to wash his wounds and then dressed them up, although they were not properly dressed up, because all the necessary things like planks, etc., were not available there. All the people were entertained and fed by the Malik. We had placed the *charpais* in a verandah; the people were sitting outside. The Malik prepared tea and half-boiled eggs and butter, and chickens which were forthwith brought up. Each took two or three eggs and a few biscuits. Later on, green tea was brought up. I served all these things personally, because the other people did not know how to serve them. From the home of Niaz Mohd Khan I wrote a report in English to the Political Agent of the Kurram Agency about the situation of the sahib.

Now there came the question of the removal of the sahibs to the administrative area. Mullah Abdur Robman Orakzai was sent up by the Kurram Agency with the instructions that the sahibs should be brought through to Khankai Bazaar, but the Afridis did not agree to this proposal. They argued that 'As we belong to the Khyber Agency, so we must take them to our own P.A. (of the Khyber Agency) because we were responsible for our P.A. and not for that of the Kurram Agency P.A.' But the real fact was that the way to the Khankai Bazaar was shorter than the journey to Peshawar. The sahibs also wanted to go via Khankai. I asked the Malik about this question. I said to him that 'The

distance to Khankai was far shorter than the distance to Peshawar, so neglecting our own interest, we must carry them to Khankai.' But the Malik, in consultation with other Maliks and public, turned a deaf ear to this proposal. He told me, 'You are an Afridi, belonging to the Khyber Agency; how can you dare propose to carry them via Khankai Bazaar, which is not under the influences of our Political Agent?' The other Malik Pir Noor told me that 'You are still a child, you don't know about politics, but you will learn things gradually.' I told Flight-Lieutenant Z. : 'They don't agree to our proposal. We musn't bother ourselves about that, we will reach Peshawar quite safely and all right.'

We hired thirty-six porters, who were active and swift, sixteen for one *charpai* and twenty for the other. We launched on our downward journey to Peshawar at 2 p.m. on the 10th of August. I attached myself to the *charpai* of Flight-Lieutenant Z., and retired Subadar Bahadur Sher to Mr. X.'s *charpai*, in order to look after them and direct the porters. We hardly had covered a mile distance when it began to drizzle. Rainfall is a very common feature in Tirah from June to October. After covering seven and a half miles, we reached Bagh, the famous trade centre of Tirah where a fair is held on every Friday. We made a short halt in order to rest and relieve the coolies. The people were returning from the fair with their purchases. After a short halt again, we resumed our journey. The way in Dawa Toi (two rivers) was narrow, rough and uneven, but it was a short one. We reached, at 8 p.m., the same date, viz. 10th, the home of Malik Tabbar Khan, the nephew of Malik Mohd Zaman Khan, after covering nineteen miles. This was a decent place; everybody felt quite at home there. All the people were entertained with tea and then food in a decent way. After dressing the sahibs, tea was brought in

a beautiful tea-set and then meal was served to the sahibs. Among the guests we three were the last to take our meal. I went to bed at twelve o'clock. During this night Flight-Lieutenant Z. had some sleep.

The next day, on the 11th August, after taking tea and meal, I thanked the kind host on behalf of the sahibs, and then set out at 8 p.m. for the second day's journey to Peshawar. Our way lay through smooth and even places. We walked our way practically with no great difficulty. At Toll Mela we called a halt, between Bazaar and Bara Valley, in order to quench our thirst and rest. A man from among the people gave cucumber to Flight-Lieutenant Z., who had brought it in his sack from Tirah. At Toll Mela I wrote a letter to the wife of the P.A. of Khyber Agency, requesting her that she may kindly inform Major Y., who had gone to Khankai Bazaar, because he expected us to go through Khankai Bazaar, that we are coming to Peshawar. We resumed our journey after an hour's rest at Toll Mela and had no difficulty in our way except crossing through the gap of Mangal Bagh Kandow—the line of demarcation between Bara and Bazar. After crossing Mangal Bagh Kandow, we entered into the territory of Zakka Khel tribe, a very notorious tribe which has always been a source of trouble to the innocent travellers who walk through their territory. They spare no one, even the tribesmen, if they chance to cross their country. He will be looted on the way if he cannot put a strong front to them. Though we were too strong for them, yet we took full precautions against any possibility of an attack by these people. At one o'clock we stopped in the Bazaar for tea, which was quickly supplied by our Zakka Khel host. It may be mentioned that though Zakka Khel are notorious for dacoity and looting, they have good qualities too. They are very hospitable.

We started at two o'clock from Bazaar and saw, on our way to Jabgai, one aeroplane making a buzzing noise, high up in the sky, in order to mark the place where we were. In our march we were terribly suffering from thirst and hunger. (*Note.*—For the convenience of the reader, I should like to point out that in the tribal territory there are no wayside shops or hotels where food could be had. But that does not mean that food is not available. What I mean is that food cannot be purchased. You cannot dare to pay the price : if you ask for the price of food, you will be laughed at. You will be entertained with food and tea, free of charge, wherever you put up for the night. The tribesmen are, no doubt, of a very hospitable nature. Wherever you go, you may be quite a stranger knowing no one, but you will get your meal and lodging free of charge.)

In order to drink water and refresh ourselves, we halted at Jabgai at 6 p.m. Here there is a stream of water flowing in a verdure. All the people drank water with their hands. But the difficulty arose how Flight-Lieutenant Z. will take the water. I asked a boy for the water-bowl, which he gave me. But when he knew that I was giving water to an Englishman, he hesitated and again took his cup from me. I persistently requested him for the cup, but my request produced no effect upon him. Malik Mohd Zaman Khan also asked him for the cup, but the boy did not agree. After gazing upon me for a moment, he said to me in utter surprise, 'Are you Muslim?' 'Yes, I am, and your own Afridi,' I replied. 'Can't be; impossible,' he cried out. When our entreaties failed to get the cup, I produced a four-anna piece to him and told him, 'All right, the price of your cup is no more than annas two, but I offer you annas four for the same.' Enraged as he became upon me, 'Do you hold me

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for a Bazaari man ? I am not going to give it to you at all. Do you think that I have no shame and decorum ? ' he said. Then I told the boy, ' There is no harm if they drank water in it. After drinking water in it, scrub it. I have never seen such a man who refuses things to guests.' Hearing the name of guests, the boy agreed to give us his cup. Of course, this was an extreme case.

We started at 6.30 from Jabgai to our next stage, Chura, which is nine miles from Ali Masjid. The night was fast approaching. The shadows of the evening were lengthening. It grew pitch dark. We were terribly exhausted, because the journey from Khayast Khula (the mouth of beauty), the home of Jabbar Khan, was at least fifty miles. I was simply trudging, not walking in a proper way. We reached Chura with great difficulty, at 10.30 p.m. on the 11th. Chura is a beautiful small valley nine miles away from Ali Masjid. It belongs to my tribe Malik Din Khel. Our Maliks live here, because in time immemorial their ancestors were drawn out from Tirah on account of their irresponsible nature to the public. Now they have settled down here and find themselves quite at home. We stayed at the fort of Malik Ayub Khan who himself was not present there. Arrangements on the whole were not at all satisfactory. After serving a meal to the sahibs at about midnight of the 12th and dressing their wounds I began to write letters to the P.A., Assistant Political Officer, and Political Tehsildar, informing them of our safe arrival at Chura. I sent these letters by hand through a Khassadar (= a tribesman employed by Government to patrol roads through tribal territory), who had come to Chura for our halt.

We are very thankful to our host who brought us a gramophone for our amusement, a gramophone which I think was manufactured in the eighteenth century. Its

music, instead of appealing to our soul, bored us, therefore we stopped it.

Mr. X. had already slept, but Flight-Lieutenant Z. went to sleep at 3 a.m. of the 12th. We again got up at 4 a.m. and began preparation for our next day's journey. I doubt whether Flight-Lieutenant Z. could sleep that night. He had a long weary night.

After dressing the sahibs, we marched on our journey at 5.25 a.m. on the 12th August, to Rakmal, which is only nine miles away from Chura. The journey from Chura to Rakmal was very quick and very smooth because the way was broad enough to allow the porters to walk abreast. We reached Rakmal at 7.30 a.m., where Major Y., along with other Political Officers, a Medical Officer and Officers of the R.A.F., were awaiting us anxiously with an ambulance and cars. The wounded gentlemen were at once taken in the ambulance lorry to the British Medical Hospital, Peshawar; the tribesmen remained in Ali Masjid. Thus there came the separation which is inevitable.

Each tribesman was given a rupee for his food on the 12th at Ali Masjid. On the 13th a big Jirga was held at Landi Kotal with the Political Agent, in which the tribesmen requested the P.A. that the Government should kindly comply with some of their very serious grievances which are as follows :

1. The Government may kindly vacate Kajouri Plain as it was promised. We assure the Government that we will behave properly. The so quickly rescuing the British Officers and such wide-shown sympathy of the Afridis bear witness to the loyalty and fidelity of the Afridis.

2. The other was a minor one. It was in connection with the release of some tribesmen prisoners.

3. The stopping of unnecessary flying, especially of too much low flying, of the aeroplanes.

The P.A. listened to them and told them that the Government will take it into consideration. Then at the end, H.E. the Governor of N.W.F.P. very kindly sanctioned Rupees 10,000 as reward for and expenses for the recognition of their loyal services.

It should be borne in mind that this amount was not given only to Afridis who are comprised of eight tribes, viz. 1. Malik Din Khel, 2. Kambar Khel, 3. Zakka Khel, 4. Aqa Khel, 5. Kamar Khel, 6. Sepai Khel, 7. Kuki Khel, and 8. Upper Adam Khel, but also to the other tribesmen like Shinwari, Shalmani and Mohmands if there were any at all. In dividing the reward among all the tribesmen, the policy of the Government is to offer a sort of temptation which will prevent people from committing things which are contrary to the interest of the Government. I think with the exception of Bootan, where the accident had taken place, the remaining people hardly got money enough to cover their expenses which they had incurred.

There is no denying the fact that this is the first time that an Englishman has received such unprecedented sympathy at the hands of the Afridis. I really feel astonished how quickly he was brought to the administered territories. Another thing which struck me mightily was the calm and serene attitude of Flight-Lieutenant Z. He could not have borne the accident with better grace. His courage and patience have been more than admirable.

Islamia College, Peshawar.

'SEE-SAW "MA-LI-LI-LAW."

BY W. A. DONALDSON.

FROM the nursery of Mrs. Dale's home, on The Peak, Hong-Kong, came the happy strains of a well-known English nursery rhyme. Very softly it was being crooned by a middle-aged Cantonese amah, for the special benefit of her little charge—Mrs. Dale's golden-haired, blue-eyed, two-year-old son, Ian.

Though the pronunciation of the rhyme was being quaintly orientalised, the intonation was unmistakable, and through the warm, still air, made tolerable by the gentle waving of a punkah overhead, there came the words :

'See-saw "Ma-li-li-Law,"
Jenny has got a new masta.
She sall have but a penny a day,
'Cause she can't work any fasta.'

'More, more, more,' lisped the joyous Ian, and again and again his good-natured amah patiently complied.

At the nursery door Mrs. Dale smilingly paused, happy to know that her amah was so admirably adapting herself to the care of the little one. She had been in Mrs. Dale's service before the arrival of the now rapidly growing youngster, and she had, with her mistress, been looking forward eagerly to what was now taking place in the nursery.

Mrs. Dale could not refrain from peeping into the room to behold the scene.

In the blaze of the golden sunshine—so seldom far away

from Hong-Kong, an island indescribably beautiful at all seasons of the year, and even at night, when it is lit up with what seem to be myriads of lights, with the sombre Peak in the background and ten square miles of harbour water glistening far below—Mrs. Dale saw her darling little son gazing fondly into the amah's eyes. He appeared to be as surprised as he was delighted to hear her sing that which sounded to him so charming and which, in his dawning consciousness, seemed to stir up something latent in his nature.

So happy were they both in their Marjory Dawe rhyme that neither was aware of Mrs. Dale's presence until she said quietly :

'You sing that very nicely, amah.'

'You likee, Missy ?'

'Yes ; and our little boy seems to like it too.'

'Yes, Missy, he all time likee me sing to him, and I likee sing too. Velly nicee English baby song.'

'Is there anything like such rhymes for Chinese babies ?'

'No, Missy. We sing to them of the wind and the rain and the clouds—velly, velly old Chinese songs. Something like saying this, Missy :

'Up in the sky clouds float, float swiftly by.

They lookee down on us from glate, glate heights.

But sun and moon and clouds, though up so high,

Smile sweetly to us as they pass by.'

'That too is very sweet,' said Mrs. Dale. 'But how came you to know the English of it, Ah Ling ?'

'My last Missy's masta was at Hong-Kong big school. He taught it to me. I love it and I lemembra. I think I nevva forget.'

'Ah, yes ; Mrs. Collinge's husband, of the University

staff. He is a sinologue and something of a poet,' murmured Mrs. Dale to herself.

'I no savvy, Missy.'

Mrs. Dale smiled. She then said :

'As it is now so very hot I shall sit down by Ian in his play-pen, and you will tell me, I hope, why you now never seem to want to return to your village home in Kwangtung. You remember that you promised you would tell me of your home there ?'

'Yes, Missy, I lemembra. Two weeks evelly year I used to go to my native village, there to help my old fatha with his li-chi ochad. Velly nicee flute li-chi, Missy. You likee ?'

'Yes, Ah Ling, li-chi is one of my favourite Chinese fruits.'

'Plenty velly happy times I used to have with my old fatha on his ochad, Missy.'

'But now you never go there ?'

'Nevva now, Missy. My fatha have changed to anotha world.'

'Oh ! I am sorry to hear that, Ah Ling. And your husband ; what of him ? Do you ever see him ?'

'Nevva now, Missy. I think long time he forget me. He catchee one piecee new wifo and now he has litee son.'

'Ah, that's it, Ah Ling. But surely you once were happy with your husband. You had children but no son. Was that the trouble, eh ? It frequently is in Chinese homes : so I have heard.'

'Yes, Missy, it bling plenty bobelly. First, my litee happy : though I nevva saw my husband nor he me until day we makee mally. That belong Chinese custom. We were just boy and girl : he seventeen, I fifteen. All same wifos of his other blothas, I lived with him and his palents

at their home : and, all same those women, I was his motha's attendant and servant always—evelly morning velly eally till velly late night-time.'

'But were you happy?' again asked Mrs. Dale.

'Chinese wifo no expected to be happy : only to give man-child to her husband. He then velly happy because his son play to the spilit after his fatha has changed to anotha world.'

'A rather one-sided arrangement,' commented Mrs. Dale smilingly.

'My no savvy, Missy,' responded the amah. 'And so wifo tly bling man-child ; and if no can do she no good, and evellybody say so.'

'And you had no son, Ah Ling?' asked Mrs. Dale, with increasing feminine curiosity.

'Oh, yes : my catchee one piecee velly nicee litee man-child, in third moon of the fifth year of our mallage. Oh, he velly stlong and suck fast and makee me plenty happy because he smile so sweetly to me and come close, close to my blest always. Inside, my velly, velly walm for him too. My makee love him velly, velly muchee. But he go to anotha world, Missy, and my velly, velly sad.'

'Oh, poor Ah Ling.'

'But he no go cliff-side on the hill.'

'What do you mean, Ah Ling?'

'Only my litee girls—all my four litee girls—they go cliff-side. I velly much cly when my husband do that thing, Missy.'

'You mean, Ah Ling, that your little girls passed away and that they were buried at the cemetery on the cliff-side near the hill?'

'Missy, you no savvy ploppa : they no makee die : but my husband no wantchee girl babies : wantchee only man-

child babies. We velly poor : no can keep baby girls. So he took my litee baby girls from me when they were born and I nevva see them again. All poor village peoples do this thing with most of their girl babies. Only wantchee man-child babies in China.'

'How dreadful and horrible, Ah Ling.'

'Yes, Missy, I think so too. When my first baby came we savvy it would be man-child baby : so my husband he makee velly happy. But it was a litee girl baby.'

'And was he very angry ?'

'Velly, velly angly, Missy. At once he took litee baby to cliff-side, and I nevva see her again.'

'And then did your little boy baby come next ?'

'No, Missy, my next baby was litee girl and so also my third and fourth.'

'And what happened to them ?'

'My husband no wantchee them. He took them away from me. I no see my litee girl babies after my women folk help me bling them into the world.'

'How dreadful,' murmured Mrs. Dale.

'Plenty times happen evelly day in China, Missy,' observed the amah philosophically.

'And your heart must have been very sore, Ah Ling ?'

'Yes, Missy. I wantchee keep my little babies ; but we were so velly poor, no can keep.'

'But the authorities—Number one men of your village—had they nothing to say as to what your husband did ?'

'No, Missy, they no savvy. They only savvy "squeeze." They say they wantchee money to keep back rivva watta coming into fields and houses, but evelly year plenty watta comes and the litee they did needs again and again to do—and more plenty money to do it. All same evelly place in China, Missy.'

'A strange country, Ah Ling.'

'It nevva change, Missy.'

'But you were happy with your little son, eh ?'

'Yes, Missy, happy, happy, happy, evelly day velly, velly happy. That time my husband was away Shanghai-side as soldierman, and no come back until my litee man-child was six months old. My husband too was velly, velly happy. Then my litee Yuan, he makee sick : velly, velly sick, and I stay with him always evelly day, all night, all through evelly hour, watching and waiting and playing for him to get well again and smile to me. But he velly, velly tired, and he changed his world.'

'And left your world tumbling down upon you in chaos : oh, you poor, poor woman.'

'I no savvy, Missy.'

'My heart is very sore for you, Ah Ling.'

'Missy has kind heart : she savvy plenty what a motha feels about her babies.'

'And after the loss of your little boy, what then, Ah Ling ?'

'Nothing more. No more babies come. I play and play to Kwan Yin for one more piecee man-child. I play and play, but Kwan Yin no hear me.'

'Kwan Yin, Ah Ling : ah, that is the Chinese Goddess of Fecundity, I think ?'

'I no savvy, Missy.'

'And then, Ah Ling ?'

'He no wantchee me any more, my husband. He catchee anotha wifo and I come Hong-Kong-side to be amah.'

'To look after other women's babies, and to mourn your own : poor, poor Ah Ling.'

'Plenty Chinese womans all same my, Missy.'

'But perhaps some day, Ah Ling, you will, as you would say, "catchee" another and a better husband. You are still on the sunny side of forty, I suppose?'

'Yes, Missy, I belong thirty-three; but no Chinese woman mally when so old. No can, Missy. Belong velly bad: no belong ploppa. Evelybody makee laugh.'

'Ah, well, amah, you stay here as long as you wish. You stay here with us, Ah Ling.'

'As long as Missy and Masta and our litee baby boy wantchee my, I can do, Missy.'

'Very well, amah,' said Mrs. Dale, as she moved out of the nursery.

Though drowsy with the heat, the little lad had then said: 'Bye, bye, Mummie,' and, almost in the same breath, 'Sing again, amah: sing again "Ma-li-li-Law."'

And as Mrs. Dale, just before going downstairs, looked back into the sun-flooded nursery, she saw the little fellow snuggle close into his amah's arms and again heard her soft, sweet voice crooning:

*'See-saw "Ma-li-li-Law,"
Jenny has got a new masta.
She sall have but a penny a day,
'Cause she can't work any fasta.'*

*'See-saw "Ma-li-Law,
Ma-li-li-Law."'*

'I tink my litee baby boy makee sleepy; eh, Ian?'

'Sleepy, sleepy, amah.'

Then the amah's voice, even softer than before, crooned:

*'See-saw "Ma-li-li-Law,
Ma-li-li-li-Law—
Li-li-Law."'*

RARE BEN JONSON.

BY A. E. SNODGRASS.

THERE is something rounded and hail-fellow about the very name of Ben Jonson, and indeed he must have been a jovial, Falstaffian figure in those famous taverns, the Mermaid and the Devil, where the contests of wit

'Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.'

But our Jove could thunder too, and emit lightnings. He had an eye to threaten and command, and his words were as weighty with solid substance as his body, which nearly turned the scale at twenty stones.

He dubbed himself an Elephant-Cupid and tells us of

'His mountain-belly and his rocky face.'

In those hostelries which he patronised, and whose vintages he tasted sometimes with more freedom than wisdom, he was a dictator who ruled with an iron hand, wielding a whip of scarifying wit. Did not Beaumont once remind him ?

*'What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid ! Heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest.'*

Into the literary republic which had its headquarters in the Apollo room at the Devil, Jonson brought a military spirit, and he had to fight scores of wordy battles to maintain

his supremacy. Quarrels with his rivals were bitter and would have overwhelmed a weaker man, but he remained the acknowledged chief of the English world of letters until death took the sceptre from his grasp. If he dealt many resounding blows, he vouchsafed much Samaritan succour. He was loved as tensely as he was hated and feared. His adopted 'sons' worshipped him; those whom he shepherded were nurtured as thoroughly as those without the fold were flagellated. The Neptune of the 'Mermaid' benisoned his followers, but his trident was a fearsome weapon for assailants.

It is no mere speculation or straining at presumptive evidence to lay claim that he was held in this sincere affection. No poet has left behind him in manuscript more unstinted testimonies of personal fondness in the shape of inscriptions and addresses, and on his death a crowd of poets joined in an unparalleled chorus of acclamation to which the volume *Jonsonus Virbius* is a lasting memorial. These tokens, unsought and spontaneous, effectually give the lie to the slander of his enemies that he was all envy, self-sufficiency and uncharitableness.

In an age when tavern life bulked so largely in the social scheme, Jonson was naturally no stranger to mine host, but that he was a persistent, sottish wine-bibber is rebutted by his first trustworthy biographer, Gifford, and by the whole evidence of his prolific pen and his insatiable love of learning. Habitual sacrifices to Bacchus were never the ritual of methodical study and voluminous output.

The rules of his own 'Tavern Academy,' or Apollo Club, which, however whimsical, were honoured in the observance and penalised in the breach, afford further disproof of spiteful allegations, bibulous and otherwise. These 'laws for the Beaux Esprits,' or the 'Tribe of Ben,' were drawn

up by Jonson himself in Latin and were engraven in marble over the chimney in the Apollo room of the Old Devil Tavern at Temple Bar, that being the club chamber. Interpreted in English verse some of the mandates ran :

*'As the fund of our pleasure, let each pay his shot,
Except some chance friend, whom a member brings in.
Far hence be the sad, the lewd fop and the sot :
For such have the plagues of good company been.*

*Let the learned and witty, the jovial and gay,
The generous and honest, compose our free state ;
And the more to exalt our delight whilst we stay,
Let none be debarr'd from his choice female mate.*

*Let's have no disturbance about taking places,
To show your nice breeding, or out of vain pride.
Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh glasses ;
Let the waiters have eyes, though their tongues must be ty'd.*

*Let the contests be rather of books than of wine.
Let the company be neither noisy nor mute.
Let none of things serious, much less of divine,
When belly and head's full, profanely dispute.'*

Nevertheless—or, perhaps one should say, therefore—our rare Ben, the president of this Bohemian assembly, must many a time and oft have wondered 'what the vintners buy one half so precious as the goods they sell.' In the wonderment a right goodly company shared, his boon companions comprising Shakespeare, Marlowe, Herrick, Michael Drayton, Beaumont and Fletcher.

How one deplores the absence of some earlier Boswell to record these Jonsonian symposia ! The regret acquires added point when we contemplate how many striking resemblances there are, in character and physique, between

Ben Jonson and Dr. Johnson. The same irrepressible bluntness and swift readiness to assail, the same domination and independence. Distinctions? Yes. For one thing Dr. Johnson drank dishes of tea—Ben Jonson tankards of Canary sack. And whereas the doctor garnered a dictionary, Ben Jonson with his fecund quill helped to sow the seeds of the ultimate verbal harvest.

It is 300 years since Ben Jonson died—August 6, 1637. Save by the student and the scholar, he is not read nowadays. He is for the library; not even for the Old Vic. Often there is heard on the wireless that charming old English ballad, a traditional air rescued from oblivion by Quilter, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.' But how many listeners are aware that the words are Jonson's? Time is ruthless and fame is but a passing rainbow.

He outlived Shakespeare for twenty-one years—to be outlived by a deathless Swan of Avon. Yet his position is sure and firm in the basic structure of things. A pioneer of drama, he laid a foundation upon which others have reared more alluring and durable edifices, but in the mansion of literature many builders are needed and many hands must trim the stones and prepare the material for the façades.

What a variety of experience and adventure he brought to his craftsmanship! His life is instinct with the Elizabethan aura. Student, bricklayer, soldier, traveller, actor, playwright, poet, duellist, classical scholar—these are the divers phases that went to the inspiration of that brief but eloquent epitaph in Westminster Abbey—'O rare Ben Jonson.'

The four words were cut in haste on the rough stone, but no one ever had the temerity—though it was contemplated—to add a syllable. Never was more expressed by one adjective—a career's epitome, as rare a tribute as the word's own purport.

It would appear that Johnstone was his ancestral name, his grandfather being a Scottish gentleman from Annandale who served Henry VIII. Under Queen Mary Ben's father suffered for his creed and was cast into prison and denuded of his estates. Persecution evidently only increased his zeal, for ultimately he entered into holy orders and became 'a grave minister of the Gospel.' He died in the year 1573, a month before Ben was born. Elizabeth had then been fifteen years on the throne.

The infant was christened Benjamin, but the Benjamin was doomed to be abbreviated along with the Johnstone, and to contemporaries he became unequivocally the terse but resonant Ben Jonson he has remained to posterity. It was no mere pen-name, but a complete and all-encompassing adoption.

Ben was a Londoner, born in what is now Northumberland Street, Strand. His widowed mother had a struggle with poverty, and it was not long before she was married again; this time to a master bricklayer whose name has not been reliably traced. Our bricklayer could not have been a harsh man. At any rate, as befitted his trade, he understood foundations, and he certainly laid the foundation of his stepson's fortunes by sending him—or allowing him to be sent—to Westminster School, the nursery of so many poets, Dryden, Cowper and Churchill, for example. Here young Ben came under the ægis of William Camden, then second and afterwards headmaster of the renowned school. Camden stood to Jonson much as John Florio stood to Shakespeare, only in a greater degree, for while Shakespeare attained 'small Latin and less Greek' Jonson climbed to heights of classical knowledge which left his fellow-authors gazing at him from afar. Undoubtedly this was due to Camden's excellent tutorship and to the firm and close friendship

maintained between master and pupil in later life. In his 'Epigrams' Jonson attests the fact :

*'Camden, most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know. . . .
What name, what skill, what faith hast thou in things !
What sight in searching the most antique springs !'*

It is stated that Jonson went to Cambridge University, but there is no documentary proof of his University residence, though subsequently he graduated Master of Arts at both universities—'by their favour, not his studies,' he told Drummond. Apparently the truth is that his own dogged application and inborn taste, aided and abetted by Camden's guiding hand, were the responsible factors of his breadth and depth of learning.

His studious proclivities suffered many interruptions. On leaving Westminster School his stepfather perceived some affinity between bricks and mortar-boards and he promptly put the lad to his own plebeian trade.

One fine day Ben was using his trowel on the garden wall of Lincoln's Inn, reciting Greek verses the while. A benchman overheard the unaccustomed soliloquy, and talking to this unusual youth and 'finding him of wit extraordinary' befriended him in his studies. Tradition has it that he did this to much practical purpose, and that Ben found another ladder in his educational ascent.

A distinct distaste for bricks was not long in manifesting itself. A horror of the hod drove him to flight, and we next discover him a soldier, fighting in the Low Countries for Maurice of Nassau. He rendered a worthy account of himself in arms, and the experience was food for the creation of the many sham, bombastic soldiers that bestrew his plays and whose actual existence at that time was one of the pests

of society. Pretentiousness he loathed, but he held the profession of arms in no light esteem. Writing of 'true soldiers' he refers to that

'Great profession which I once did prove
And did not shame it with my actions then,
No more than I dare now do with my pen.'

Back in London at the age of twenty-four, the sword having cut out all memories of bricks, Jonson now enlisted himself as an actor in a company of which Shakespeare, nine years his senior, was a member. But mere acting did not satisfy his ambition. Like Shakespeare, probably, he could not achieve the histrionic ideal set forth in Hamlet's advice to the players. So he burnt much midnight oil, and by its lambent aid evolved his most famous comedy, *Every Man in his Humour*.

No one at the theatre thought much of this comedy until Shakespeare cast his discerning eye upon it. It was then produced with marked success, and Jonson was once and for all put on his feet as a recognised author. Shakespeare acted in the play, and thus began a lifelong friendship. Stories of Jonson's jealousy of Shakespeare are mere venomous inventions out of the same hell-brewed cauldron that the other defamations issued.

Every Man in his Humour was first acted in 1598. Besides Shakespeare the chief players were Richard Burbage, the original interpreter of the greater number of Shakespeare's heroes, and John Heminges and Henry Condell, those devoted friends who saved for futurity so many of the Shakespearean plays by giving us the First Folio.

In the midst of his dramaturgic triumph Jonson—never prone to peace—became involved in a feud with an actor, Gabriel Spenser, whom he killed in a duel in Hogsden

Fields. He was tried at the Old Bailey for this disastrous exploit and sent to prison, but was soon released with no further penalties than the forfeiture of his goods and chattels (doubtless scanty enough) and a brand on his left thumb.

It was not his only acquaintance with prison. Once he consigned himself to gaol voluntarily as an earnest of sympathy with fellow-authors who were indicted for reflections on the Scotch in a comedy, *Eastward Ho*, to which he had contributed. A Scottish gentleman, Sir James Murray, high in James I's favour, laid a complaint. Chapman and Marston, the main authors, were arrested, and Jonson, though not responsible for the offending passage, imprisoned himself with them.

The affair ended happily enough, but there was tragedy underlying, and herein we get a glimpse of his mother's devotion. When all concerned were released, Jonson gave a banquet, attended by Camden, Selden, and others. It had been reported that the prisoners were to have their ears and noses cut, and

'in the midst of the feast'—as Jonson himself told the story to Drummond—'his old mother drank to him and showed him a paper which she had intended (if the sentence had been decided upon) to have mixed in the prison among his drink, which was full of lusty strong poison, and that she was no churl, she told him, she minded first to have drunk of it herself.'

Scarcely a year later (1605) Jonson was imprisoned for some offence in a play not identified. This time an eloquent appeal to the generous Earl of Salisbury secured his release. Yet again in 1625 the hand of the law fell on his shoulder. He was arrested on suspicion of being the author of some sympathetic lines addressed to Felton, then in prison as

Buckingham's assassin. The indictment of Jonson, however, proved to be a mistake and his incarceration was brief.

In a remarkable manner, never fully elucidated, his name is associated with the Gunpowder Plot. The Privy Council employed him as a secret agent to unravel the obscurities of the conspiracy, and he was instructed to approach certain Roman Catholic priests in his quest. His efforts—if he made any—were fruitless, involving apparently an element of duplicity and treachery which he could not stomach.

While Sir Walter Raleigh was a prisoner in the Tower writing his *History of the World*, the publication of which in 1614 Jonson supervised, the latter in 1613 went to Paris as tutor to Raleigh's eldest son. The visit was short and not of a very creditable nature in certain incidents. His more notable journey came in 1618, when, determined to indulge in a real holiday away from the fret and babble of Court and tavern life, he, like his great namesake (bar the spelling) a century or so later, fixed on Scotland. Though fat and scant of breath, he resolved to walk to the land of his ancestors. On the eve of departure Francis Bacon facetiously twitted him, declaring that 'he loved not to see poesy go on other feet than poetical dactylus and spondaus.'

He took the route through York and Newcastle and started about midsummer on a tramp which must have been fruitful to any literary man. He wrote a poetical account of it himself—'sung with all the adventures'—but ill-chance decreed that the manuscript should be destroyed with much else when his library was burnt.

The journey, however, was productive of the liveliest picture we possess of him, for he met the learned Scottish poet, William Drummond, who has left an intimate record of their conversations.

It was about Christmas-time that Drummond awaited the

coming of Jonson at his beautiful seat of Hawthornden, near Edinburgh. Seated under a sycamore tree, he acclaimed 'Welcome, welcome, royal Ben,' to which greeting the poet, remembering both his material and poetical feet, promptly responded, 'Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden.'

He stayed as the guest of Drummond for nearly three weeks, and as a result we have those 'Conversations' which display Jonson in a lurid light. Whether the portrait is accurate or the retailed talks unbiassed reporting, who can tell? Let it be remembered that Jonson had severely trounced some of Drummond's poems.

According to Drummond in these disclosures, Jonson 'is a "great lover and praiser of himself . . . jealous of every word and action of those about him (especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth) . . . he is passionately kind and angry . . . vindictive, but, if he be well answered, at himself.'

Very candid criticism and open to criticism in turn. At any rate the two men remained on friendly terms after they parted, and there was considerable correspondence between them.

Jonson's character was evidently a curious blend of generous and unpleasant features. They were heavy drinking days, and in his case when the wine was in it did not mellow but exacerbate. His worst faults were faults of temper, but the storms were soon over and the sequential calm was gracious and beneficent. If his tongue aped the serpent, he had no malice in his heart.

Only one of his legion of quarrels led to a contest at arms, but there were plenty that provoked wordy duels, vocal and in the printed scroll. In *The Poetaster* he lashed out freely at all and particularly at Dekker, who retorted in *Satiromastix* and with 'stinging nettles' crowned Jonson's 'stinging wit.' His contention with Inigo Jones, the architect, gave birth

to much biting satire. Jonson was a supreme master of the masque, that form of pageant with music and ornate scenic sets which Elizabeth and James so dearly loved. Jonson devised the plots and wrote the lyrics; Inigo Jones 'did' the spectacle. It would seem that Jonson deemed his poetical mortar more important than the architect's bricks and did not fail to tell him so; hence the bickering.

Jonson had a flexible genius which ranged from the severely classical to the gentlest love lyric. There is a true ring of manliness in all his work. As a comic dramatist he mirrored the manners of his day with rich characterisation. The weight of his learning overburdened his tragedies; he wrote only two.

Every Man in his Humour was the last of his plays to quit the stage. Garrick revived it in 1751, and it was occasionally performed in the early part of last century. Charles Dickens, an excellent amateur, and whose readings were chiefly notable for their touches of mimicry, is said to have made an inimitable Captain Bobadil, the blustering military puppet of the piece.

Ere he died at Westminster in his sixty-fourth year, Jonson came upon impoverished circumstances, which the Duke of Newcastle helped to ease. Among his papers was discovered the pastoral drama, *The Sad Shepherd*, a work of greenwood freshness and outstanding beauty, showing that his powers were unexhausted.

He left no family. His wife died before his journey to Scotland. Most of his children died young. On the whole his domestic life played a very small part in his scheme of existence. It was sung of him after his death—and what a mighty, concerted anthem was orchestrated!—that his

*'Thoughts were their own laurel, and did win
That best applause of being crowned within.'*

GOLDEN EARRINGS.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

BY CALVERT RUSH.

THIS is a tale of the sea, and of a hate. It reaches from Barry Dock, across the Atlantic, and back to Antwerp quay. And it has the merit of truth.

The *Kingslake Hall* cleared Barry Dock in the ordinary outward-bound condition. She was bound for Valparaiso with a cargo of coal. Her hatches were off and her deck cluttered up with running gear, coal, snatchblocks, and all the paraphernalia of the sea. The riggers had made some sort of a job at bending sail and the Mate hoped he would find enough sober men to set things to rights before the southerly gale blowing outside put in some rough work. Clear of the Scillies the tug was dropped, the topsails set, and the old *Kingslake Hall* began working her way into the open sea, with a big sou'west swell coming up and a smother of mist.

We had a good, but very mixed crew. The cook was a big West India nigger who knew his job; there was a sprinkling of Germans and Scandinavians, but only four Britishers. The apprentices were all second or third voyagers and knew the ship well.

So we tracked South, as contented a ship as one could expect. In every fo'c'sle there is a boss. This voyage there seemed to be two. In the Port watch, a big Irish American, Paddy Doyle, with an immense nose and protruding ears from which hung large gold rings, such as

Spanish girls wear. He was very proud of those earrings. He had all the vices and few of the virtues of the real sailor, a bully, and he ruled his watch with a rod of iron. In the other watch was a Scot, a younger man, but a thorough sailor; smaller than Paddy, he was all muscle and bone, a tough man to meet in a scrap. A Norwegian, Bill Svensun, a man of berserk build, attached himself to Scottie. He seemed to realise that nature had given him only brawn, and he admired brain, when he met it. Often I have sat on the main hatch and heard Scottie spout poetry. Bill would sit beside us, his pipe in his mouth, listening with a queer daft expression in his eyes.

In Paddy's watch there was an ordinary seaman called Davy Jones, a congenital idiot. Always willing, yet always stupid, he listened with dog-like patience to any order given him and did exactly the opposite; his very name annoyed the men, and he had a squint in one eye—both omens of bad luck.

We hauled the old ship through the Horse latitudes, and struck good Trades. As is customary, hands clustered round the main hatch during the fine evenings. Paddy could sing a good song; Scottie, sitting with his pipe and Bill beside him, gave us his ideas on predestination. On one of these peaceful evenings the tragedy happened. Scottie had been quoting Milton, with one eye on the moon and the stars overhead.

*'Hesperus, that led the starry host, rode brightest,
Until the moon, rising in sombre majesty, unveiled her peerless
light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle cast.'*

Just at that moment we heard a thud and a cry. Looking round we saw Davy lying crumpled up on deck; he had annoyed Paddy, who had given him a lift behind, a little

too low, and the lad was really hurt. Before I realised what was happening Scottie had jumped off the hatch and faced Paddy.

'Come on, you big American bum,' he growled, 'let's see what you can do with a man.'

Although Paddy was the stronger man he had no knowledge of boxing, but the conditions and the light were not suited for science. One of Paddy's wild swings connected. Scottie went down as though pole-axed, and, in falling, caught his head heavily on the iron bitts. Paddy stood over him howling curses, but his opponent lay strangely still. He was on his side, blood trickling from his head. Bill knelt down beside him. Others ran up and the Mate came hurrying forward. Suddenly Bill jumped up and rushed at Paddy.

'You vos kill 'im,' he yelled, and without a thought of fighting simply flung his arms round him as though he would crush him to pieces. It took six of us to pull him off and hustle him away. Meanwhile the Captain had joined the Mate and between them they carried Scottie's body aft.

The next day we had the funeral. At noon a canvas-covered body was put on a plank under the Union Jack. All hands stood round uncovered, whilst the Captain read the service. The Trade had eased up and we were just stealing easily through the water. Bill was in tears. The Mate took him to one side, and after pointing out that the affair was an accident, told him that there had been fighting enough. Bill nodded. At eight bells, when the hands mustered again, he went up to Paddy and said very quietly :

'You kill my pal, I not fight on dis ship, but one day I get you !'

From then on Bill was more silent than ever. He had been so used to sitting beside Scottie and just listening that he was lost without him.

The dead man's clothes were auctioned on the main hatch. Except for the customary grumbings over extra wheels and lookouts he was forgotten by all except Bill. Off the Horn we had a fortnight of misery. For a week the galley was washed out. We spent four hours on the topsail yard trying to furl a frozen sail, our fingers numbed and our whole selves chilled to the bone. Eventually the canvas blew clean from the bolt ropes, and so furled itself. Two nights afterwards the whole watch was nearly washed overboard.

Bill was as nearly happy as he had ever been since Scottie's death. He enjoyed suffering the tortures of being frozen, starved and half-drowned. He haunted the Irishman—never speaking, never interfering, just following him, shadow-like, with fixed looney-green eyes, which in the dark seemed to glow like flames. The crew thought Bill was half-witted—since Scottie's death he had gone entirely daft—that was all there was to it. That he was obsessed by the idea of Revenge never entered anyone's head but mine—and Paddy's!

Paddy suspected. He was afraid—perhaps more of the dead than the living. He became moody. His shipmates shunned him. At last we got a slant, and crept North. At the end of one hundred and twenty days a weary crew furled sail in Valparaiso.

We lay out in the roads, got rid of our coal; each watch had the usual month's pay and twenty-four hours' leave. They were doped in the first café, robbed, left on the beach asleep, hauled to the Calaboose by the local police, and bailed out the day after by the Captain. Then we commenced

loading saltpetre. With the last bag came the old traditional shantying up to the tune of 'We're homeward bound.' Then a barrel of 'piscoe,' a native drink like very bad gin, came aboard. Many of the crews of other ships came along and we had what whaling men used to call a 'Gam.' I don't remember much of the night. I was fearful of Paddy and Bill. We were to heave up at daybreak. We had all expected that Paddy would go. There was always a ship to be had at Valparaiso in those days. But he stayed. We had a fair passage home, I caught a glimpse of the Horn whilst loosing the Main Royal. It was a cold dry day, with the long seas sweeping up behind and the old ship snoring her way to the north-east. Bill was as queer as ever and never spoke.

We reached Flushing just a year out. As we changed pilots, boarding-house masters and the usual crowd of sharks boarded us, and distributed fire water to the hands until, when we came to dock in Antwerp, Bill and Paddy were the only sober ones of the crowd. The next day we were paid off. A fatherly Consul offered a ticket home by the Harwich boat, a pound as expenses, and the option of having the remainder of the money sent to any British port free. Bill, Paddy and I accepted; the rest left with the sharks and the crimps.

We were sailing at seven in the evening. I wondered all day whether Bill had staged his revenge. When he came on board it would be too late. The night was wet. The wind was bringing a blanket of mist that dimmed the quay lights. On the Harwich boat I found our Bos'un waiting in the bar for a final drink and a farewell. We talked of the voyage.

'All that stuff about Bill waiting for revenge,' the Bos'un said; 'nothing came of it. I knew he hadn't got the sense.

He's just the brains of a dog—can't do more than creep about with his tail between his legs 'cause he's lost his master.'

'Bos'un,' I said, 'that man *had* an idea—he meant to do something. God knows what. Anyway, his chance is gone now.'

As I spoke a cry came from the darkness outside. It wasn't quite human, more like the cry of a frightened beast.

'What the hell——'

'Sounds as if someone had kicked a dog,' I said, and as I spoke there followed the sound of a splash, and on top of it the bellow of a passing steamer which drowned all other noises.

'Come on, have one more,' the Bos'un said. 'I've got ten minutes yet.'

Bill came into the bar; he appeared suddenly without a sound. His face was grey. He ordered a drink, sat very still, eyeing the quay outside. I glanced at the Bos'un, but neither of us spoke. I remembered afterwards how queer that seemed—three shipmates sitting in a bar, mum!

Suddenly the Bos'un blurted out: 'Where's Paddy? He's crossing with you, isn't he?'

Bill was draining his glass; he looked at us over the rim. I tried to look away, but his queer green eyes held me. I'd never seen eyes shining with such an intense and almost devilish joy of life in them—and pride. They weren't the eyes of a half-baked looney now—a madman if you like, or a poet:

'What's that about Paddy?' he said, draining the last drop of liquor from his glass.

'I was thinking he'd be missing the boat if he don't hurry up,' the Bos'un said.

Bill got up, slowly stretched himself; you could almost

see the ripple of muscles beneath the wet clothes. 'Paddy's not coming back. He's staying here—looking for something nice to keep him company!'

As he walked away I felt the Bos'un's hand gripping my arm in a vice, and I was holding on to him too. For as Bill moved we both saw at the same moment gold earrings swinging from his ears. And on one earring there was blood.

At the door he turned his head, and he saw the expression on our faces. 'Spotted them, eh? Parting present from Paddy—so there's no ill will between us any longer!'

PARADOX.

*All day the far horizon's line
Holds down the tented sky;
To distance which is infinite
It gives finality.*

*But when the clear air yields to dusk
And lit is each wan star,
The darkness, hiding nearer things,
Reveals the strange and far.*

M. D. HIGGINSON.

LEARNING TO RIDE A HOBBY.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN M. MCBRYDE.

MY boyhood was spent on a farm in Virginia, where I was blessed with a father who not only knew his classics, Greek and Latin as well as English, but was also a keen and accurate observer of nature and a lover of flowers and birds. In the South Carolina College, which he entered in 1859, he studied under the noted geologist Joseph Leconte, who gave him his bent towards science. Thus at the close of the war between the states he devoted himself to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture and botany and made a complete herbarium of all the plants in the neighbourhood of Charlottesville.

How eagerly I used to watch him in the spring afternoons as he sorted out the flowers he had brought in from the fields and with loving care laid each one in turn between two white sheets of paper, placing them all in a home-made press with screw bolts at the corners. Then some days later I was fascinated to observe him as he took them out beautifully pressed and dried, and pasted them on other sheets with little paper strips, printing with his pen the name of each one in beautiful letters at the bottom. Not having a press of my own, I used to gather flowers and bright-coloured foliage and lay them between the leaves of big volumes, which bear to this day the stain on their pages.

So I set myself early to collecting flowers, and even yet I can recall the pride I felt in coming to recognise and know intimately the Viper's Bugloss, or beautiful blue thistle, with its clustered flowers on short curved spikes. Though I was not then aware of the fact that this lovely weed, as we call

it, had escaped from English gardens as early as 1683 and had been imported into this country by the English colonists, there was a romantic appeal in the very name, which at the age of eight I was very proud to know and cite as evidence of my budding knowledge of botany. I couldn't guess what the viper had to do with the flower, but the name had a strange attraction for me, and it would have thrilled me even more if I had then been told that 'bugloss' means ox-tongue, a name given to it in England long ago. My imagination and my feelings would have been stirred even more deeply yet if I had known that the hairy leaves, coming to a point like a tongue, suggested the name, and that 'viper' was prefixed because of the spotted stem and the seeds shaped like a serpent's head, coupled with the popular belief that this plant may be used to cure snake-bite—a belief perpetuated in the name of the genus, *Echium*, from the Greek word for viper.

In my father's garden, where we gathered raspberries, strawberries and gooseberries, and where I came to know Viper's Bugloss, I had another experience the memory of which has lingered with me through the years. While stuffing myself with fruit one day, in constant dread of having a snake strike my bare toe—for the catbirds were uttering their harsh cries, sure evidence, I believed, of the presence of snakes—I heard a fluttering among the currant bushes, and approaching the spot cautiously, discovered a little bird mysteriously stuck to the stem of a weed. As I came nearer and attempted to lay hands on the tiny prisoner, it made a desperate flirt of its wings and escaped unharmed. Then, putting my hand on the stem of the strange plant, I was amazed to feel a sticky exudation, sufficiently strong to capture a host of insects small and large, with which the whole plant was blackened, and adhesive enough to hold

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fast for a time the feet of the small bird as with glue. Now I know that the plant was one of the *Silene* family, most probably *Silene Caroliniana*, the wild pink, or Catchfly. The full significance of this incident came to me only years later, when I learned of the means nature has given to flowers to protect themselves against pilferers and insure the perpetuation of the species. But I was busy then with Westlake's Speller and Maury's Geography and agonising over addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, so that it was many years before I began to observe nature in detail and connect my observations with my study of poetry.

As my father was an ardent sportsman and a fine shot, and often rode horseback through the sedge fields and the woods, I had frequent opportunities to accompany him, seated behind on his horse to hold the reins; having fired from the saddle, he dismounted to follow the dogs after the single quails of the covey. And so I picked up some knowledge of the ways of the birds, especially as he was something of a taxidermist and mounted not a few specimens of robins, cardinals, and meadow larks.

Moreover, he had in his library a fine set of Wilson's *Ornithology*, from which, with paper greased to make it transparent, I used to trace the outlines of such birds as caught my fancy. But I had no systematic instruction, no consistent guidance in my efforts either to learn the names of the birds or to draw them from coloured plates or from stuffed specimens. Perhaps it was just as well, for I am inclined to believe that to-day we have too much supervision of children's physical and mental activities.

When I was twelve years old, my father became President of the South Carolina College, in Columbia. Here in the old College Library I chanced upon a magnificent set of the elephant folio of Audubon's *Birds of America*, and as I pored

over those superbly coloured plates, I felt that I had entered into a new world. Eager to share with my schoolmates some of my new-found knowledge, I organised through the *St. Nicholas* a chapter of the Agassiz Society, and we collected birds' eggs and birds' skins. Though I never learned to mount the skins properly, I stretched them with wings and breast outspread on cardboards, which I hung upon the walls. Underneath each skin I inscribed the Latin name. Among them I recall vividly the beautiful skin of the Redheaded Woodpecker, with its brilliant carmine, iridescent black, and shining white, beneath which I proudly wrote the long Latin name *Picus Erythrocephalus*.

After the lapse of nearly half a century I can recreate the rapture I experienced when I first made the acquaintance with the Great Crested Flycatcher and heard his mournful 'Quake ! quake ! quake !' in the woods. Like Wordsworth, of whom I knew nothing then, I looked a thousand ways in bush and tree and sky before I could make out his dusky brown plumage in the top of a lofty oak. How we boys used to tramp the woods and fields, with eyes peering sharply into every bush and clump of grass and tall tree, with ears attuned to the slightest sound, all eager to add some new specimen to our collection. It was an event in our lives when we came upon the gorgeous Nonpareil, or Painted Bunting, or Red Pop (French *Pape*, Pope), as he is called by the folk of French descent in Louisiana, for with his head and neck an indigo blue, his back a golden green, his wing coverts green, and his underparts bright red, they discovered in his plumage some suggestion of papal robes.

Once in the early twilight on the edge of some open woods we stumbled upon a male Chuck-will's-widow, which I shot and skinned, and added another specimen to our collection. It was not, however, until forty years later

that I heard its weird, insistent call on the bayous of Mississippi. And, as I have told in the CORNHILL for October, 1934, I had the rare good fortune of having a solitary male of this shy species pay a visit to my home in the heart of New Orleans, where, perched high on a tree outside my bedroom window, he roosted all day long every day for a week, before setting out on his migration to a more southerly clime.

As I look back through the years I cherish the memories of these experiences of my boyhood and rejoice that I early learned to ride a hobby which has taken me on many a pleasant excursion through the fields and woods and which has furnished never-failing inspiration to my study and teaching of poetry.

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QUESTING FOR FLOWERS.

BY W. M. LETTS.

No tallyho and no red coat, only a vasculum and a gleam in the eye, and a stick with a crook for handle, for the dear knows what may not have to be dragged in from river or pond. It is not every botanist who can do like Dr. Lloyd Praeger, the Irish botanist, who has swum out to rock or island where he spied some treasure. Without any of the pageantry of an animal hunt the flower-hunter goes out to adventure, often dangerous enough, as one knows from the books (most enchanting of all travel books) of those who go to Thibet and China, to South America, Mexico or to any place mountainous or swampy in quest of flowers. The adventures of a Farrar, a Kingdon Ward, a Bailey make glorious reading, but most of us can only hope to see the treasures they found when grown in British gardens. The lovely blue poppy of the Himalayas is beautiful in any garden and Alpines grown in pots can thrill one to the heart's core, but as for the joy of finding them in their own setting, that belongs to the flower-hunter. And his harvest is not only in roots and seeds, but in the pictures he stores in his memory.

What a glory to give your name to a plant, to be connected for ever with some loveliness that you discovered. When I note in catalogues these surnames of plants I envy the finder—Farrerii, Baileyii, Veitchii, Henryii. The last name gives me a thrill of recollection, for Dr. Augustine Henry lived in Dublin when he returned from China, the scene of his flower-hunting. He went to China as a young

man in Chinese customs, but his interest and knowledge as a botanist made his fame floral. Every time I saw him passing along the street, a little abstracted in look, I saw in fancy the mountains and plains of China behind him. His collection of trees was so great that his widow has taken six years to get them catalogued in the Herbarium at Glasnevin gardens. The seeds that he sent back from China she grew in a town garden in a district of Dublin and supplied two thousand young trees to growers.

But that is an aside about long-range flower-hunting. Within the British Isles there is enough for the quest to be a lifelong one. Until every specimen in Bentham and Hooker's *British Flora* has been found and noted there is no need to sit down and rest. And after Bentham there comes Butcher, and very superior hunters are Butcherites. And then (I find by experience) if you bring your rarity to a *real* botanist to name, he tells you something that you cannot find in either Bentham or Butcher, because the *real* botanist subdivides and thinks in names that the amateur has not yet dreamed.

But I want to write of the fun of the quest, because the day of finding some rare thing is sure to be a happy day in lovely country. Each county has its treasures and it is well to be aware of what you may find in each place. There are plants peculiar to old town walls, as in Norwich and Nottingham; there are districts like Teesdale rich in lovely things like the *Cypripedium orchis*; there are salt marshes with their sea lavender and glass wort and shrubby seablite; there are the Fens—but I have only hunted the Fens in dreams.

Ireland has a smaller flora than that of England, but it can boast rarities and it has its Mediterranean plants. To anyone who has not seen it, the large butterwort (*Pinguicula*

Grandiflora), growing all through wet mossy ground, is sheer joy. The flowers are the size of huge violets and much the same colour. In May time in Kerry you will find them everywhere. Much smaller and more curious than beautiful is the little yellow butterwort (*P. lusitanica*). It brings me back to the slopes of a mountain in Connemara where an ardent party of Field Naturalists went out hunting.

Ardour on a very hot day after a good lunch waned in many breasts. 'Field Nats' were discovered lying on the heather or under the shade of the lowland trees; only the sternest band reached the top of the mountain, Lisoughter. On our way we found *Galium Boreale*, *Saxifrage Oppositifolia*, *Asplenium viride*. The following day was spent in the Burren of Clare. Now the Burren is unlike any place that I have ever seen. On a summer day it is bleak, austere, a circle of the Purgatorio; but in winter in east wind it must be lonely and forbidding beyond most places. Its great terraces of limestone descend to the sea. It seems incredible that there should be so much stone in the world. The Burren is Ireland's paved garden. It is a paradise for flower-hunters. Many people, wise in their generation, go to the village of Ballyvaughan in the Burren in May when the gentians and dryas are in flower. For this is one of the places where *gentiana verna* flourishes and the hillside is white with *dryas octopetala*. But the day that I recall was too late for these beauties, they were already in seed. As we climbed to the upper terraces, we found the wild maidenhair among the rocks, with madder, bearberry and *Habenaria intacta* and *Euphrasia Salisburgensis*. We should have found *Pyrola media*, but even with a strenuous rushing after the long legs of one of Ireland's leading botanists I never saw it that day, nor did he. Apart from any plants, the Burren itself is a place to see, a lonesome place if ever I saw one. I wonder

that the hermits of old times did not make their beehive huts there and remain lost in contemplation. Those acres of limestone terrace would leave little distraction to a devout soul in its quest for the Infinite. 'Where there is nothing there is God.'

Even before I joined that ardent group, the Wild Flower Society, I found, without seeking, certain treasures. The truth was that having won that delightful book, John's *Flower of the Field*, in my schooldays I had always had an eye for anything unusual. So, when a kind Fate took me to Northumberland in 1918 I was aware that I saw plants I had never seen before. Once, wandering alone, in a fir wood to the north of Ainwick I saw and noted, without keeping a specimen, a little white flower growing among the pine-needles. My description of it was too vague to find the name and I could not discover its likeness in my John's. It was only when I got Bentham and Hooker that I found it out as *Trientalis*. Never again did I find it, and the beauty of the day and that little wood are as fresh as the young larches. Near the same wood grew a large bell flower which I fancy was *Campanula latifolia*. And who will tell me (or did my eyes deceive me?) if I really saw a campanula growing like a weed in the railed earth in front of the Crystal Palace where the No. 3 bus starts its long journey. That same bus bore me away before I could make any observations. There is something bewitching about every wild orchis, a thrill of discovery even when it grows with the glorious generosity of the early spring orchis, so brightly pink, so fairylike with its darkly spotted leaves. The orchis family is choice in taste. These flowers live in beautiful places, meadows, damp hedgerows, cool boggy fields, woodlands. Some are scented and some are only curious. More curious than beautiful is the little *Spiranthes*

Autumnalis, or Lady's Tresses. I saw it first in its spiral habit growing out of the parched grass of a hillside above Cardigan Bay. And whenever I meet it again I shall picture that sun-smitten breadth of water with the Snowdon range in the distance. Again—one cannot find the Bee Orchis and pass by indifferently. It is not very rare; I remember long ago the excitement of finding it on Beachy Head, and now I know just where it should reappear in places in Ireland. It is no surprise, but an annual joy.

This summer, driving over a long expanse of bog near Maryborough, I stopped to have a little hunt near the roadside and found myself among masses of *Epipactis Palustris*, the Marsh Helleborine, which Bentham describes as rare in Ireland, while Dr. Praeger gives it an abundance of stations. It is a lovely thing to see and the thought of it brings back the charm of a great bog with its subdued colours, sienna and russet, green and purple; its grey and green mosses, its spongy masses, green and red, of sphagnum, its gold tips of bog ashphodel and its clouds of white bed-straw and, best of all, the great vault of sky above the level horizon.

In boggy ground in Connemara you may find the three sundews, and if you are instructed or wise on your own account you will find *Pilularia globulifera* in the water. About the lake margins grow the water lobelia (*Lobelia Dortmanna*) and that curious intriguing plant Pipewort.

It was in Connemara that I found St. Dabeoc's Heath and the day is marked with a white stone. Let me tell you about it, for it involves a question for all travellers, just this—what is the most beautiful drive in Ireland? Mr. Stephen Gwynn, who is the chieftain of Irish guides, decides on the drive from Cahir by Clogheen over the Knockmealdown mountains, dropping down to Lismore on the other side of the

Pass. Its beauties were hidden in mist and rain when we took the road, so I put forward as a rival the road between Mallaranny and Maam Cross in Connemara.

We left Achill in the morning and, driving by Newport and Westport, came to Louisburgh, and from there took that lovely road by Doolough Pass, Doo Lake and Delphi Lodge. The mountains that day seemed every shade of green velvet sewn with little silver streamlets. And so in a warm afternoon we came to Leenane and the Killaries and on again by Kylemore and Letterfrack to Clifton and the Atlantic. It was the sun-setting hour, the Twelve Pins the colour of violets, the lakes at Ballinahinch like drenched hydrangeas where we sat by the roadside to have our supper. And then I spied the largest heath I had ever seen, with magenta pink bells. My companion could name it at once as St. Dabeoc's Heath. That was the flower to link with the beauty of Connemara.

Evil but beautiful is another plant not known in England, the Irish spurge. It is the tool of the poacher-fisherman, and kills the fish by poisonous qualities. A poacher with spurge found on him can be arrested. Yet I remember the woods at Blarney bright with its lovely green. All the spurges are attractive in a strange sort of way, and while doing some dutiful weeding in Kent last summer I added Sun spurge and Broad spurge to my diary. Thus for the collector is the labour of weeding made sweet, only he often desires to leave a desirable specimen till it flowers.

Salt marshes are enchanting to the plant-hunter even in an east wind. The thought of Blakeney in Norfolk with its mist of sea lavender, its dim stretches of marsh and the far sands of the bird sanctuary, delights my daydreams. Shrubby seablite, glasswort, sea asters are found as well as the lavenders.

The treasures of a bog are manifold. Near Ardee in County Louth there is a bog most alluring to the searcher. I have nearly fallen headlong into bog pools in quest of them, for the Wild Flower Society has a rule that you must touch every flower that you record in the diary. Not even a stick may do duty. This rule has very obvious dangers with water plants. This particular day was one of those drenching, hopeless affairs that grow sadder towards evening. What matter when one saw the greater Spleenwort in reach and knew that Adder's tongue and Andromeda could be found there?

So, to conclude, there is no place where the quest may not carry one joyfully. Botany is no dry-as-dust subject, but a continual adventure. That first of Irish botanists, Dr. Lloyd Praeger, proves in his books and by his own adventures that it is as exciting as any quest that the schoolboy heart can follow. His advice on the subject of searching is useful. He told his audience to choose a particular line of search—mountain, bog, salt marsh, limestone district. 'But,' he said in effect, 'know what you seek, find out what has been found in the district and hope to find it and perhaps some treasure to make a new country station.'

WALKING HOME.

So little it is—

Walking home together beneath the trees

On a summer night,

Casting desultory talk

Into the sweet night air,

Swinging along together shoulder to shoulder

Under the wide pale sky—

So little and brief it is.

Yet I will always remember

Walking home together beneath the trees,

Tossing with easy abandon

Talk and light-hearted laughter

Into the sweet night air,

As though time and the hour of parting

Never between us existed.

Good night—with a careless gesture—

So little, so much it is!

Dearest, remember with me

In times of distress and trouble,

In the sterile and dusty dog-days,

Remember and keep for treasure

The little but blessed moments

Of walking home together beneath the trees.

CLARE CAMERON.

EPICS OF THE ALPS.

BY C. F. MEADE.

I

THE ATTEMPTS ON THE EIGERWAND.

THE recent sensational exploits of a new school of Alpine climbers has scandalised the mountaineering world, and with good cause. Nevertheless, the foolhardy performances that orthodox mountaineers complain of are merely the logical outcome of tendencies that have been obvious in mountain-climbing ever since it began. Since the fifties of last century when climbing first became fashionable, not only have all the peaks in the Alps been ascended, great and small, but even all the gullies, faces and ridges of each mountain have been overrun by innumerable enthusiasts. In fact it may be said that hardly anywhere in the Alps does there now remain any kind of a way up or down that has not been systematically explored and recorded.

So complete, indeed, has this process become that the young desperados belonging to what is known as the 'mechanical' school of climbing have begun to take alarm. These virtuosos who delight in forcing their way up a mountain by hammering pegs into overhanging rocks or vertical ice-walls—'conquering' the mountain as they would call it—have realised that the era of exploration has come to an end, and that there are no more laurels left for them to win. This alarming state of affairs they describe as 'the exhaustion of the Alps,' and it certainly explains—if it does not excuse—the excesses that these youthful zealots commit.

However, this so-called exhaustion of the Alps is not quite complete yet, for at least one notable exception to it survives. At Grindelwald the appalling northern precipice of the Eiger that overshadows the valley, and forms the sensational feature of the view from the village, still remains unclimbed, and until 1935 its forbidding appearance had deterred everyone from meddling with it. It is true that a daring party in 1932 had skirted the brink of the huge cliff by following a difficult route that led along its eastern margin over steep snow and ice to the summit ; nevertheless, the direct and steeper route up the very centre of the colossal wall had never been attempted.

It is not surprising that such a climb should never have been seriously thought of before 1935, for this amazing north wall of the Eiger, the Eigerwand as it is called, is the biggest precipice in the Alps. Throughout its five thousand feet of precipitous rock its steepness is such that, in spite of the altitude, permanent snow cannot rest anywhere. From top to bottom, too, the whole of the vast rock-face is shattered by constant bombardments of ice-fragments and boulders. Besides these there are smaller missiles in the shape of flying stones, and most of these projectiles, big and little, travel at a speed that renders them invisible, as they whistle and scream past the cowering climber clinging precariously to the stricken crags.

It seems as if the present strenuous phase in the evolution of mountaineering has evoked a new type of mountain-climber adapted to an environment that has become more and more exacting in consequence of what we have referred to as the exhaustion of the Alps. This new type of climber, proud of his skill in the use of hammers, pegs, rope-rings, balustrades, stirrups, slings and pulleys, finds a new source of joy in a mystical worship of danger as an end in itself, so that he

considers even the most foolish feat praiseworthy, as long as courage, skill and endurance are displayed in performing it. In the sinister shadow of the Eigerwand the votaries of this strange cult now seek their Valhalla. It may be profitable to learn from the story of their adventures the consequence of the doctrines that they preach. At any rate the self-sacrificing heroism of the guides who staked their lives continuously and repeatedly in desperate attempts at rescue deserves to be remembered.

In August of 1935 two young men from Munich reached Grindelwald. They spent some time reconnoitring the lower cliffs of the Eigerwand, and one of them devoted a whole day to ascending the Eiger by the ordinary way in order to leave a depot of provisions on the summit. Meanwhile at the foot of the mighty wall the two men prepared a tent and sleeping-bags as their base-camp where they could remain with their stores of rope and tools. They then waited in hopes of an improvement in the weather, which, in fact, was so bad that they were several times sorely tempted to abandon their enterprise and go home.

At last on Wednesday the 21st the weather improved, and they began their attack upon the precipice. By the evening they could be well observed from the Eigerwand station of the Jungfrauoch Railway, through the window cut in the solid flank of the Eiger where the passengers pause on their way up inside the mountain in order to enjoy the panorama of northern Switzerland, and gaze down at the chalets of Grindelwald nestling in the green depths far below.

Everything seems to have gone well, for the climbers were now on a level with the station, and had succeeded in accomplishing about one-third of their immense journey up the cliff.

On Thursday, however, the rate was not maintained.

Moreover, as a critic has expressed it, the first half of the wall is only about a quarter as difficult as the whole ; and still there were two-thirds of the formidable task to be achieved, for during the whole of this day, hampered as they were by the steepness of the ice, the climbers could only by their utmost efforts accomplish a paltry increase of some three hundred feet.

Already the prospects were disquieting enough, and again on Friday they had only ascended another three hundred feet. Obviously there was no longer any chance of victory, and the difficulties they were contending with were evident, for observers with telescopes could see the climbers hauling up their rucksacks after them by means of the rope. Later that evening a terrible storm suddenly concealed them from view.

On Saturday the whole mountain was ominously swathed in cloud, so that the men were still invisible. There was much fresh snow higher up the mountain, and avalanches, big as well as small, were pouring down the rocks.

On Sunday the anxiety of the watchers was reaching a climax, yet in such weather rescue operations were out of the question. The doomed men were again momentarily visible. They had made little progress, and were making their fifth bivouac, at about two-thirds of the way up the wall. Doubtless they spent the night in the customary manner of these devotees, crouching against the cliff without sleeping-bags or blankets, and with the climbing-rope that united them fastened for the sake of security by means of a steel clasp to a ringed metal peg driven into any available crevice in the rock. The clasp, it may be mentioned, is an important feature of the mechanical mountaineer's equipment, and is a contrivance resembling the clasp on some broodingnagian watch-chain.

Meanwhile it had begun to rain all over the Oberland, and,

although snow was only falling at great heights, the danger from waterfalls, stonefalls and the increasing exhaustion of the climbers was growing constantly. At Grindelwald a rescue-party had been formed, but the weather remained prohibitive. An aeroplane had been warned to stand by, and on Tuesday, the first clear day, a pilot from Thun in a military 'plane flew for a full hour to and fro across the Eigerwand, scanning the cliffs. There were masses of fresh snow everywhere, and no living being was in sight. Several days later, when fine weather had definitely returned, another pilot, accompanied by an Alpine guide, actually flew to within twenty yards of the precipice, and caught sight of one of the two men standing upright, frozen to death, up to his knees in the snow, as if gazing down into the valley. The other man, they thought, must have been already buried in a drift. Probably both men had died where they had last been seen, on the fifth day of their attempt.

In 1936 another summer had come round, the tragedy of the Eiger was fresh in men's minds, but a party was gathered once more at the foot of the same forbidding precipice with the same desperate ambition that had led the two youths to destruction in the previous year. Eight young men had been dreaming the same dream of the Eigerwand, and were mustering their resources for the assault. They had collected quantities of rope and the usual paraphernalia employed by climbers of their way of thinking. Yet already death had taken its toll among the aspirants, for two of them who had been doing a practice climb on the Guggi route up the north face of the Jungfrau had fallen, and one of them had been killed. Of the others now waiting to make an attempt, Kurz, the youngest, had qualified as a guide in the Eastern Alps. With his friend, Hinterstosser, who was to accompany him, he had already accomplished formidable ascents

such as the storming of the north wall of the Grosse Zinne, one of the sheerest precipices in the Alps. Two other young men of the party, Rainer and Angerer, were from Innsbruck. All these four showed equal determination. 'The Eigerwand is ours, or we shall leave our bones on it,' they declared. Yet the weather was even worse than in 1935, when the two young men from Munich had said that the storms seemed as if sent to them by providence, to prevent their departure, and save their lives. It rained constantly and the Eiger was hidden in cloud. Only brief glimpses through the cloud-curtain revealed the wall frowning down at them and loaded with masses of fresh snow. Avalanches thundered, and the crackling reverberations caused by stonefall were almost continuous. Doubt began to spread among the party, and no wonder. They must have known that before committing themselves to a five-days' struggle on such a precipice a preliminary spell of settled weather was essential, in order to stabilise the conditions, and that only a prolonged spell of equable weather is likely to give more than a day's warning before it breaks up. With several days' warning it might be possible for a party to retreat in time to escape before conditions prohibitive to life have supervened. In seasons that are variable the onset of dangerous conditions can occur with terrible abruptness. No wonder then that four of the less infatuated members of the group abandoned the venture. However, the Bavarians, Kurz and Hinterstosser, remained, and so did the Austrians, Rainer and Angerer. These four now decided to join forces.

In the meantime there were many visitors to the tents at the foot of the Eigerwand, and many sought to reason with the party, but the camp resounded with youthful laughter, and the four protested that they had no wish to die, although they admitted that luck was necessary for the undertaking. Down

at Grindelwald they had even been told that the local authorities would take no responsibility for rescue operations, but they were confident that none would be required. All that was necessary was one more preliminary reconnaissance, and, with this object in view, the four set out together. They soon reached a suitable bivouac-place under a huge overhanging cliff known as the Rothe Fluh. They had once passed the night there during a previous exploratory climb. Unfortunately, when they had got thus far, instead of staying where they were for the night, in order to reconnoitre farther next day, they decided to return to their base, and at this juncture the Eigerwand gave its first warning. Hinterstosser was just beginning to descend, and was about fifty feet above Kurz's head. He trusted his weight to a peg that Angerer and Rainer had hammered into the rock some days previously. The peg suddenly gave way, and Hinterstosser was hurled down for a hundred and twenty feet through the air past his horrified companion. The latter could do nothing to check the fall, for it happened with the rapidity of lightning, so that there was no time to make a futile attempt to belay the rope. By a miracle the falling man not only hunched himself into a ball, but dropped into a patch of deep soft snow, where he saved himself from a further fall by his acrobatic dexterity. Strange to say, the only damage was a wounded knee, and, although when they got back to camp the rain had begun again, the four men never wavered in their determination to pursue their adventure to its end.

On Friday the 17th of July the weather looked better, and all were satisfied that up to 10,000 feet the precipice had been sufficiently reconnoitred. Rucksacks were packed, and there was much amusement when Kurz made a comic story for the pressmen out of Hinterstosser's hundred-and-twenty-

feet fall. Hinterstosser in the meantime was packing some photographs away in a sack that was to be left behind. 'If anything happens to us,' he remarked to the reporters, 'you will know where to find our photographs.'

It was regrettable that more food could not be carried. Sixty hand-forged pegs with rings attached were a heavy burden. Twenty of them, about a foot long, were for use on ice-walls, and forty of a shorter kind were intended for hammering into crevices in the rock-face in places where otherwise hand-holds would be lacking. Besides this weight of metal they had to carry hammers, a few steel clasps, two hundred and forty feet of spare rope, some string and the spirit cooker. Consequently, without overloading their rucksacks the only provisions they could take were two pounds of bacon, five pounds of black bread, six tins of sardines, tea, sugar and solidified spirit. It was not nearly enough, but greater loads could not be managed.

Finally, at two o'clock in the morning of Saturday the 18th of July the four set out from the Kleine Scheidegg. The news spread through Switzerland, and the ethics of the enterprise began to be discussed once more. A telegram from the commanding officer of the Bergsjäger regiment forbidding Hinterstosser and Kurz from taking part in the expedition came too late, for the two young men had already started and were out of reach. By half-past nine that morning the whole party had gathered at the reconnoiters' sleeping-place under the Rothe Fluh. Everything seemed favourable, and progress had been rapid, but, from now on, difficulties began, and observers at the Kleine Scheidegg and Grindelwald thronged to the telescopes. It could be seen that from the sleeping-place a difficult traverse had to be made over some very smooth cliffs. Hinterstosser succeeded in crossing at a point where Rainer and Angerer had already

failed. A narrow belt of snow and a difficult descending traverse then enabled the party to join the route of 1935 at the lower of two small snow-fields. To the distant watchers at the telescopes progress seemed agonisingly slow, yet the men wasted no time, for they were expert at their work, hammering and chiselling the rock whenever one of the precious pegs could be spared, and there was a chance of forcing it into a suitable crevice. The rocks indeed were so steep and difficult that it was a long time before the party reached the second bivouac used by the two Bavarians in 1935, and situated between the lower and the upper snow-fields.

By 5.30 in the afternoon the last man had reached the foot of the cliff below the upper snow-field, night was approaching and a site for a bivouac had to be found. The formidable overhang of the Rothe Fluh was now behind them, and they settled down to pass the night, partly sheltered by another overhanging cliff. They were now on a level with the third and last bivouac of the Munich pair, where the latter were supposed to have perished. Here the four men remained all night without sleeping-bag or blanket, while the stones that thundered down the mountain continuously were deflected by the overhang above the sleepers' heads.

On the following day, Sunday, dawn broke threateningly with thunder-clouds, and only occasionally were patches of blue sky visible. At Zurich it was already raining, and although a north wind was driving the clouds upwards, the party in their bivouac, condemned to inaction by the cloud-bank surrounding them, could hardly have realised that there were signs of a momentary improvement in the weather. By 6.45 that morning, however, they had started, and Hinterstosser was leading, cutting steps up the steep *névé* of the upper snow-field, in order to rejoin the route taken by the party of the previous year. An hour later they were suddenly

hidden by a curtain of cloud, and nothing more was to be seen of the Eiger that day.

It was not until eight o'clock on Monday morning that they were again observed to be on the move. Their second bivouac must have been at a height of about 11,800 feet, a little above the highest point reached in 1935, but soon they began to retreat and were back at the second bivouac once more. One climber was seen to be so long immobile that it was concluded he was injured, and it was believed that Angerer had been wounded by a stone, as he appeared to be wearing a bandage on his head. As late as five o'clock that evening they were still to be seen descending the upper snow-field, above the overhanging precipice called the Rothe Fluh. Two of the party seemed to be helping a third, presumably Angerer, but the prevalence of clouds made it difficult to see what was happening. The situation had now become extremely serious, for the food-supply had only been calculated to last over the third night, and the third night was now beginning, while the climbers were still far up on the mountain. The supply of pegs, too, was being used up, the weather was not improving, and avalanches of stones and snow continued to fall.

Tuesday's weather, unfortunately, was much worse, with pouring rain and quantities of fresh snow everywhere covering the rocks. The roar of avalanches became almost continuous. Cries could be heard. At nine in the morning three of the party were seen descending. Could the fourth have dropped out? However, two hours later all four were seen, still descending the upper snow-field. Below them was a vertical and overhanging cliff that they had avoided on the way up. In order to avoid it again they must ascend the smooth and difficult rock traverse down which Hinterstosser had led them on their way up the mountain, three days before.

It was at this point that they met with a fatal reverse. The passage had taken them only two hours on the outward journey, but now, facing the traverse in its ascending direction, foodless and frozen as they were, short of iron pegs, too, and with a rope frozen so stiff that it was unmanageable, they failed repeatedly to force their way up the smooth ice-glazed slabs. At length they must have realised that retreat was now cut off, and that the one remaining hope was to face the appalling precipice below them and make a desperate attempt at a direct descent of it. After two hours had been wasted in fruitless struggles to ascend the traverse, the conclusion became inevitable, although the ghastly alternative of attempting to lower themselves by ropes into the abyss below them may well have seemed hopeless. Clouds, too, were seething round them, and the artillery of the Eigerwand was incessantly in action.

Meanwhile, from a point only six hundred feet below the four men, through an opening cut to serve as a rubbish-shoot for the tunnel of the Jungfrauoch Railway a workman, peering out from inside the mountain, had been for several hours watching the manœuvres of the climbers, and was now exchanging shouts with them. At first they still hoped, and they shouted down courageously that all was well. Later, when the whole party became involved in lowering themselves down the three hundred feet of precipice, cries for help could be heard, and the anxious spectator hurried down to give the alarm at the Eigergletscher station. The assailants of the Eigerwand had all been warned before starting that they could expect no guides to risk their lives in futile attempts at rescue, but it so happened that at that moment three of the best guides in Switzerland were working for a cinema company at the Eigergletscher station, and the railway company at once supplied a train to take them up to the workman's

observation-post at the hole in the tunnel. The three guides then climbed out through the hole, and in only three-quarters of an hour, at an astonishing speed, traversed the face of the deadly Eigerwand in a horizontal direction, and reached the foot of the precipice that the four men had been trying to descend. As they toiled across the face, pebbles, invisible like bullets, hummed past them, and a flying boulder crashed close to the leader. From the first it had been evident that it would be impossible to effect a rescue that night, and now it appeared that Kurz alone of all the climbers was alive. He was suspended in a sling from the overhanging cliff, and was exposed to stonefalls as well as torrents of snow and water. 'Can you hold out till morning?' he was asked, and 'No, no, no!' came the heart-rending reply. But it was already night, and the guides had no choice but to retreat and disregard his cries. The return journey in storm and darkness must have been an unforgettable nightmare.

During the night another guide of the same calibre joined the original three, and by daybreak of Wednesday all four, Adolf Rubi, Christian Rubi, Hans Schlunegger and Arnold Glatthard, climbed through the rubbish-shoot once more and again raced across the terrible wall. Kurz was still calling for help, and was even capable of telling something of his dreadful experiences. 'Are none of your friends alive?' he was asked. 'No, I am alone, they all died yesterday; one is frozen above me, one has fallen, and one lies hanging in the rope below.'

It seems that the four men had fixed a rope to the cliff, and had begun to rope themselves down into space over the overhang. As there had not been enough rope for all of them, Hinterstosser had been obliged to untie himself. In doing so he fell, perhaps having been knocked over by falling stones, and was dashed to destruction at the bottom of the precipice.

Angerer is said to have been strangled in the coils of falling rope, and Rainer was flung against one of the iron pegs with such violence that he died. Pegs and rope-rings had all been expended, and Kurz was helpless, third on the rope that linked him to his dead comrades, and crippled by having an arm and hand useless owing to frostbite. The guides, too, were in a desperate position, secured by their rope to a peg driven into an ice-slope of sixty degrees, and under fire from the relentless mountain. Glatthard, indeed, had narrowly escaped destruction. Moreover, they were still at a distance of a hundred and fifty feet below Kurz, and the interval that separated them consisted of smooth, vertical and overhanging rock, veneered with ice.

Since it was impossible to climb up to Kurz he was asked, 'Try and cut the dead man loose from you.' In order to do this he had to climb down forty feet—handicapped as he was by his crippled arm—and then with his ice-axe laboriously saw through the rope close to the loop round his friend's body. Afterwards he had to climb up again to where he was before in order to fix the severed rope to the peg to which he had been suspended. By a miracle of resolution and endurance, after hours of toil, he succeeded in carrying out these exhausting manœuvres. At first the corpse could not be detached, for it was frozen to the cliff; then, when it suddenly plunged into space, it narrowly missed sweeping the guides with it, as it hurtled past them in its three-thousand-feet fall. Then, after Kurz, working with one hand and often with his teeth, had climbed back to his former position, he had to lower the severed rope to the guides, who attached to it some pegs and rope-rings. These were then drawn up to Kurz, who hammered in a peg, and passed the rope through the ring which he had fastened to the peg. The guides were so placed that it was impossible for them to help Kurz by

lowering him in pulley fashion, and the whole series of Kurz's heroic efforts seemed endless. Four hours were consumed in this terrible work before the unfortunate man could begin the descent. As he did so it was noticed that he carefully removed any loose stones which might otherwise have been dislodged and have fallen on to the guides below him. As he slowly descended, an avalanche swept over the whole party, concealing Kurz from view for some moments.

And now, at the end of this heroically prolonged struggle, Kurz's consciousness was beginning to fail. Yet he was almost down. 'Another step and you'll be saved,' cried the guides, and then with a supreme effort, one guide climbing on to the shoulders of another, while a third held him in position, it became just possible to touch the ice-coated climbing-irons of Kurz with the tip of an ice-axe, but he was still just beyond their reach. At this moment occurred the final disaster: the knot that joined the rope together caught fast in the ring fifty feet above the victim's head, and would allow him to descend no farther. This was the end. Suddenly, throwing his axe to the guides, he let go his hold, and, swinging slowly out into space, he died. The devoted efforts of heroic rescuers had been in vain, and death had come to Kurz at a moment when the reward of his unparalleled endurance and courage seemed to be close at hand. The guides, overcome by the spectacle of such unavailing fortitude, returned by the way they had come.

'An Episode on the Dru' will be published in September.

BY THE WAY.

A critic of eminence, writing to me recently, said that he had always been able to keep separate a man's character from his creative works : how can that be an aid to criticism ? What is written, it is true, is written, but how much it gains or loses according to our knowledge of its sincerity or the reverse. And, in any event, is it possible so to separate a man's character from what must in reality be the product of that character ? My friend, to whom I had mentioned both Shakespeare and Chaucer as essentially genial-minded men, asked me if I were sure they were, adding, 'It is quite possible that they were both odious brutes, and perhaps it is just as well that we know nothing about them personally—at any rate not very much about them.' Yes, I am sure : no one, I venture to assert, could conceivably have written as these two did over long periods of years unless they were sincerely what they seem, behind and through their work, to be—two of the most lovable men who have ever trod this earth. I still maintain that it is impossible to separate a man's heart and mind from his published works, without losing touch with reality—but I will admit that it is an interesting subject for argumentative, and even controversial, discussion.

* * *

Guernica, Almeria, Bilbao—and our age is supposed to be civilised !

* * *

In the last issue of a quarterly magazine devoted to literature the section allotted to poetry included, under the

simple title 'Poem', a piece the first stanza of which runs as follows :—

The shah

*benumbed cats slide over the lawns
like streaming music*

enters

*poised on what o nothing in this contemporary world
the forms of his garden move
bulbs of wishes and swaying balloons of unrealisation flock
darkly about him they pray in the dark*

There are 11 more similar lines divided arbitrarily into three uneven stanzas. It has no punctuation, and appears to have no sense, no rhythm, no point of any sort or kind : at all events, no one to whom I have shown the lines can even suggest the slightest meaning. Here is another, a so-called complete 'poem,' not from the same journal :—

*I swung a leg on the window sill
smoked flicked ash down to pavement
dust dust dead bury dead worms until
all my eye
(and Betty Martin) on Woman as she went*

*skirtfully by
I had been quite a while
goldfish asparagus croton oil
when opposite me one stept
on casual squish and slipped
came down ha-ha with a cry
had she SA I should say not brother
au contraire she might have been my mother
elderly poor too ugly*

I seated above her snugly

*felt you guess right bull contempt for her
so tongued it loudly to hell with surging sentimentality
what we all need you bet
is more and more animality
rootled again for cigarette
blast*

I had smoked my last.

This seems to have slightly more coherence than the first, but can anyone really maintain that either is anything but a competition in lunacy, or are both modern masterpieces? Will the Editor of *Life and Letters To-Day* decide?

★ ★ ★

The Oxford Festival of Spoken Poetry has just closed: it may at least have served to show that Poetry, however neglected to-day, is not dead and can never die. How many competitors read beforehand the last book of one of the judges, Mr. Wallace B. Nichols, entitled *The Speaking of Poetry* (Methuen, 3s. 6d. n.), I did not inquire; but it is certain that all would have been well advised to do so. The publishers call it 'this distinguished little book': publishers seldom err on the side of understatement—they almost have in this case. It is a very distinguished little book: I have seldom come across any which, in addition to dealing with studious knowledge with its main theme, so illuminates the art of poetic composition in addition. Not only speakers of poetry, but writers of it as well, will learn not a little from its thoughtful and authoritative pages.

★ ★ ★

It has been said that no one yet ever changed the course

of history, that even the greatest influencers such as Alexander or Napoleon arose out of their environment to a world ready to receive them. This is indeed a controversial saying ; and yet it is noteworthy how continually circumstances favoured the lives of the great reformers. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, for example, ideas were slowly, very slowly penetrating the consciousness of Man which made possible the astonishing career and success of a woman whose strongest assets were the twin forces of a singularly beautiful character and an extremely quiet, practical, persistent common sense. The recently published life of *Elizabeth Fry*, by Janet Whitney (Harrap, 12s. 6d. n.), has made use, and admirable use, of new material in the shape of letters and family papers : the result is a moving, simple and extremely well-told story of the great reformer who, in Mrs. Whitney's words, 'is the most outstanding example in history of a woman other than royal who accepted marriage and many-times motherhood, and still maintained an active public life. But she is also an example of the difficulty of the double feat.' Both her private and her public life are here fully set forth and both are deserving of continual remembrance—not merely did Elizabeth Fry bring about lasting and tremendous good, but she really, in her modesty and wisdom and simplicity, deserved the eulogy paid her by the Duke of Argyll : 'She was the only really very great human being I have ever met with whom it was impossible to be disappointed. . . . I understood in a moment the story of the prison.' It is the great merit of Mrs. Whitney's book that she makes her readers of a later day understand it also, and much more than the prison, the life of Joseph and Elizabeth Fry and the Quaker strength and limitations.

* * *

Murder is of course to-day the most continual of human

pastimes : the Continent suggests it, our bookstalls confirm it. But, even so, it would seem that we are really going almost too far when so distinguished a firm as Longmans can issue a novel which bears not merely the repellent title of *The Faceless Corpse Murders*, by L. L. Rogger (7s. 6d. n.), but also a wrapper that is a literal delineation in colour of the discovery of a particularly disgusting crime. Within, the story shows a distinct turn of ingenuity towards the end, but by that time the improbabilities have assumed such dimensions that it is difficult to mind who murders whom or why.

A second book from the same distinguished firm is much better reading. Christopher Sykes has a very pretty wit, both in his illustrations and in his narrative—and more than wit : he contrives in *Stranger Wonders* (7s. 6d. n.) not only to show the Englishman abroad but to set him off against the incidents and characters of many places. 'Invention,' the longest of the sections, is clever and amusing, but it has neither the punch nor the illumination of many of the others. Of these, the first seems to me the best, a study of German mentality told with the light play and penetrating force of a skilled duellist. An odd book that skips constantly from light-hearted satire to purposeful mordacity, but perhaps none the worse for that.

* * *

Books about the joys or humours of living in a cottage in the country are legion, and most of them are terribly self-conscious, the author continually holding himself and his neighbours up as it were and remarking, 'Look, how funny we are !' Franklin Lushington does this to a certain extent, and yet, after reading *Pennybridge* (Faber, 7s. 6d. n.), I wish I had read *Pigeon Hoo*, his earlier book on the same

theme, for Mr. Lushington may mean to be funny, but then he is—and he is a good deal more. Whilst he is describing his many arguments and activities with 'Fenella,' his long-suffering and rather sarcastic wife, he is also giving a tender and delightful picture of life in the quiet Kentish countryside. He writes with charm and common sense combined, and the resultant blend is of the kind that, if I am not mistaken, readers of CORNHILL will find quite unusually pleasant.

* * *

A little book that can be recommended for casual reading on holiday, possessing to a marked degree the virtue of 'dippability,' is James Turl's *Out of Doors in England* (Constable, 7s. 6d. n.). It is the third of its kind and I have not read the first two; but there seems to be no reason why there should not be as many as the author has years to live. He has no particular method of wandering, it would seem, any more than of writing; he just wanders and writes as a man might chat, of birds and flowers and trees and lanes and chance meetings and all the really worth-while things—and he is charmingly disingenuous. If he doesn't want to follow up a topic he drops it; if he doesn't know about a place or thing he says so; for example, after mentioning half a dozen St. Botoph's he ends his chapter, 'I have no doubt there are various other places throughout England named after St. Botoph, but I know nothing about them.' Another year he might do worse, especially as he mentions St. Botoph's at Lincoln, than go on to Bottesford (St. Botoph's Ford) and chat about the loveliness of the Crusaders' tombs in its church. A happy, simple little book, with many pleasant photographs by W. F. Taylor that will appeal to many lovers of the English countryside.

G.

THE 'CORNHILL' COMPETITION.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 166.

PRIZES of books to the value of £1, from John Murray's catalogue, are offered to the two solvers whose letters are first opened. Answers, containing the coupon from page iv, must be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, 50 Albemarle Street, W.1, and must reach him by 28th August.

Dear love, for nothing less than thee
 Would I have broke this happy ——— ;
 It was a ———
 For reason, much too strong for fantasy.

1. All treasure's uncertain,
 Then down with your ——— !
2. But winter and ——— weather
3. Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ——— noon.
 What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee ?
4. The pealing ——— swells the note of praise
5. Earth has not anything to show ——— fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :

Answer to Acrostic 164, June number : 'Thy springs and *dying gales*' (Collins : 'Ode to Evening'). 1. DroppinG (Browning : 'Song from Paracelsus'). 2. AirY reversed (William Allingham : 'The Fairies'). 3. ImmortaL (Keats : 'Ode to a Nightingale'). 4. NonE (Wordsworth : 'Lucy'). 5. GardenS (Coleridge : 'Kubla Khan').

The first correct answers opened were sent by Mrs. Waller, Masongill House, Ingleton, and Mrs. Alfred Rogers, Seymour House, Surbiton, who are invited to choose books, as mentioned above. N.B.—*Sources need not be given.*

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